

Vol. 4 No. 3
OCTOBER 5, 1948

TREASURE CHEST

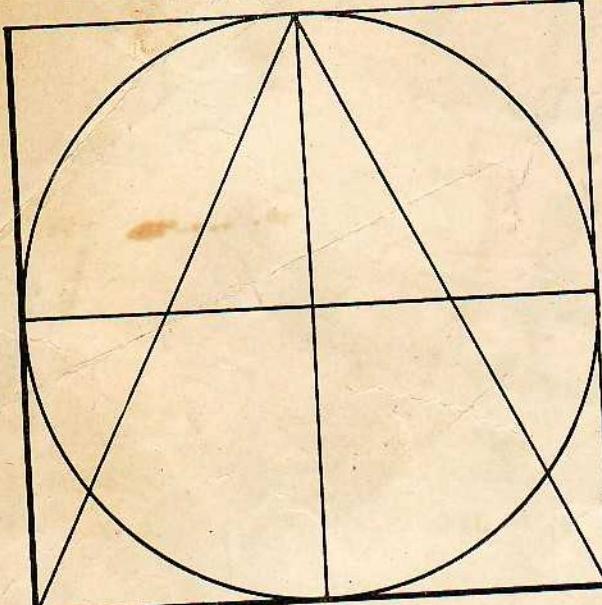
OF FUN & FACT



Beginning —
*FOR THE
OVERLAND MAIL*

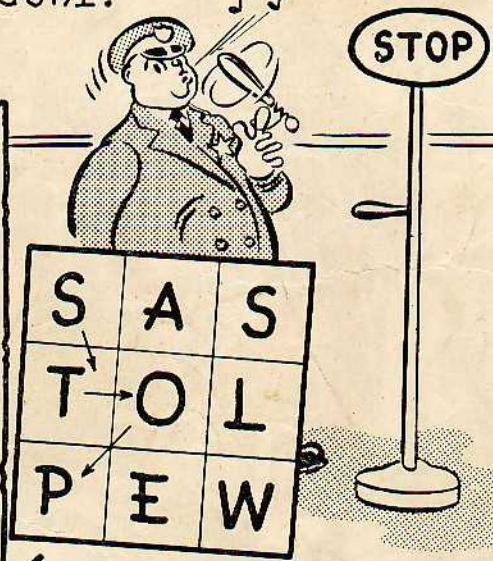
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The ALPHABET SQUARE..

IF YOU STUDY THIS SQUARE YOU WILL SEE WHY IT IS SO NAMED. YOU CAN TRACE OUT EVERY LETTER AND ALL THE NUMBERS BY FOLLOWING THE LINES OF THE ALPHABET SQUARE. SEE HOW MANY LETTERS AND NUMBERS YOU CAN FIND IN THIS STRANGE FIGURE.



WORD GOLF

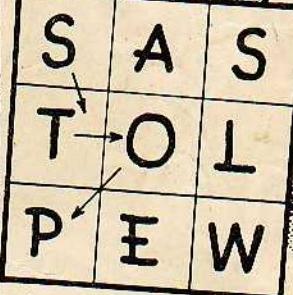
IN THIS GAME YOU CHANGE ONE WORD TO ANOTHER IN AS FEW STEPS AS POSSIBLE. AT EACH STEP YOU CHANGE ONE LETTER, TO FORM A NEW WORD--EXAMPLE: CHANGE BOY TO MAN IN THREE STEPS--BOY, 1. BAX, 2. BAN, 3. MAN--SEE HOW EASY IT IS? NOW YOU CHANGE WORK TO PLAY IN SEVEN STEPS--AND TO START YOU OFF WE WILL TELL YOU THE WORD FOR STEP 1. IS FORK!

WORK

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.



PLAY



SEE HOW MANY FOUR LETTER WORDS YOU CAN SPELL BY MOVING FROM LETTER TO LETTER IN THE WORD SQUARE. YOU MAY MOVE IN ANY DIRECTION BUT ALWAYS TO AN ADJOINING LETTER. THE ARROWS SHOW YOU HOW TO SPELL "STOP".

ANSWERS - (TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN)

WORD GOLF--WORD, 1. FORK, 2. FORK, 3. SOOT, 4. SOOT, 5. SLOT, 6. SLAT, 7. SLAY
PLAY
WORD SQUARE--SALE, STEW, STEP, STOW, SLOT, SLAT, SLOE, LAST, ALAS, PETS, POET, POLE, POST, PET, TALE, WEED, WETS, TOTS, OWLS AND MANY OTHERS.
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CHUCK WHITE



WHERE ARE WE GOING THAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

YOU'LL SEE.

I HOPE JANIE WILL UNDERSTAND.

IT WAS GOOD OF YOU
TO WALK HOME WITH ME.
DO YOU KNOW WHY CHUCK
COULDN'T COME?

I THINK JOE WAS
DRAGGING HIM OFF
SOMEWHERE.

SAY... I'M NOT DOING
ANYTHING... I MEAN I
THOUGHT I'D HAVE A SODA...
I WONDERED IF YOU'D CARE TO
... I MEAN...

CERTAINLY. I'LL TAKE MY
BOOKS IN AND I'LL BE OUT
IN A MOMENT.

WHERE'S A GOOD
PLACE TO GO? I'M
NEW HERE, YOU
KNOW.

HANSON'S DRUG
STORE IS THE
GATHERING PLACE
FOR OUR CROWD.
YOU'LL LIKE
IT.

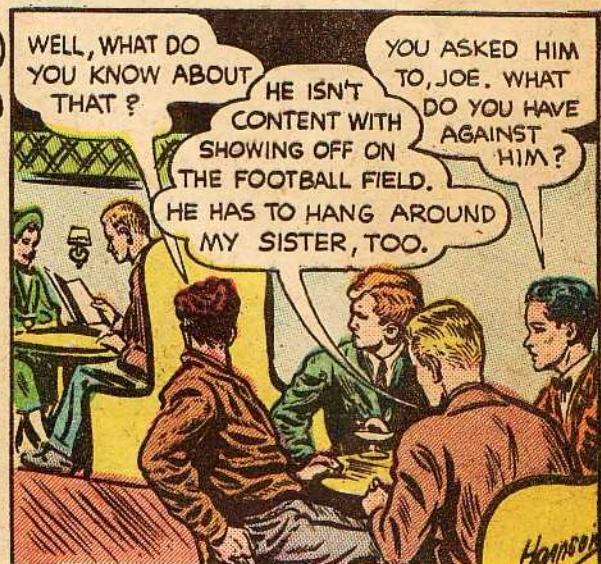
HEY, WE'RE HEADING FOR
HANSON'S. WAS YOUR IMPORTANT
BUSINESS GETTING ME TO BUY
YOU A COKE?

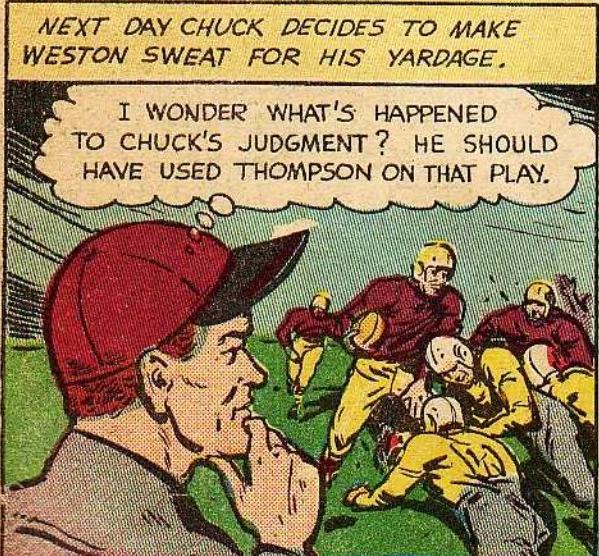
WE ALWAYS
MEET AT
HANSON'S.

WHO'S "WE"?
THE GUYS. YOU'LL SEE.
THERE'S NOTHING MYSTERIOUS
ABOUT IT.

YOU'VE BEEN ACTING
MYSTERIOUS ENOUGH
FOR A DETECTIVE
MOVIE.

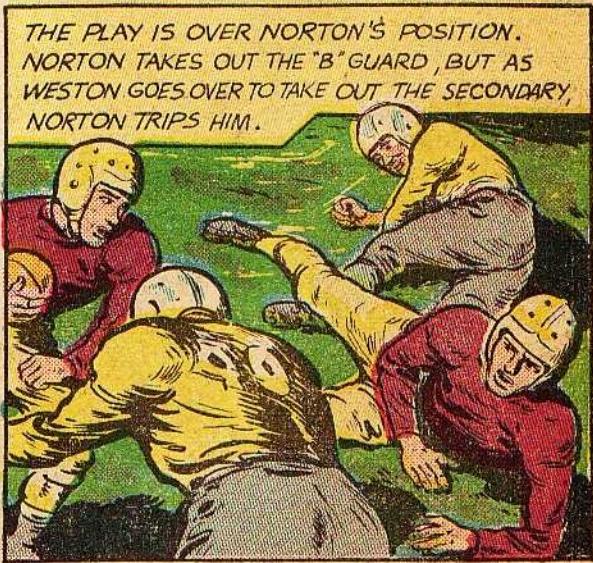
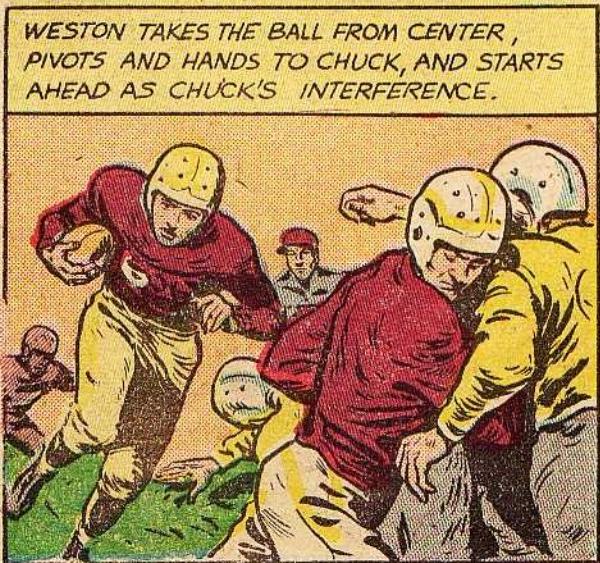
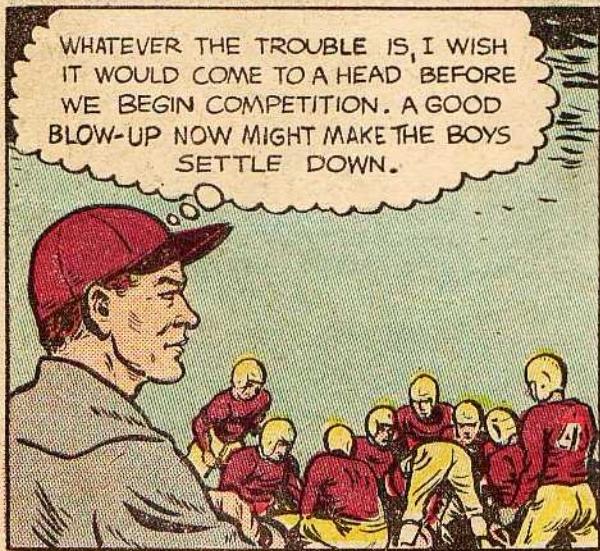
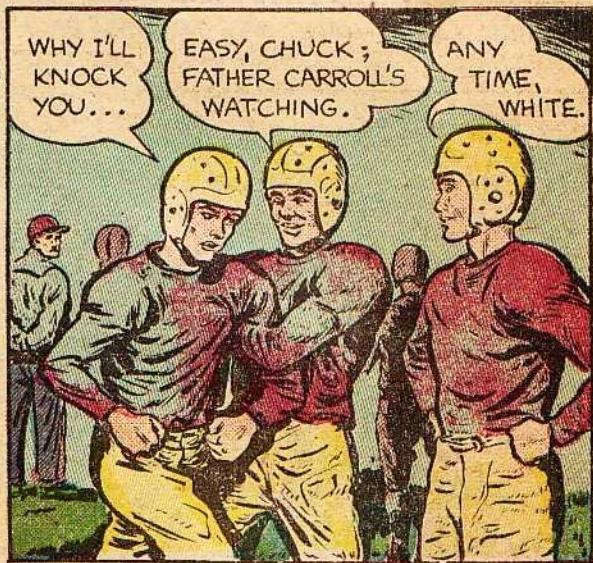
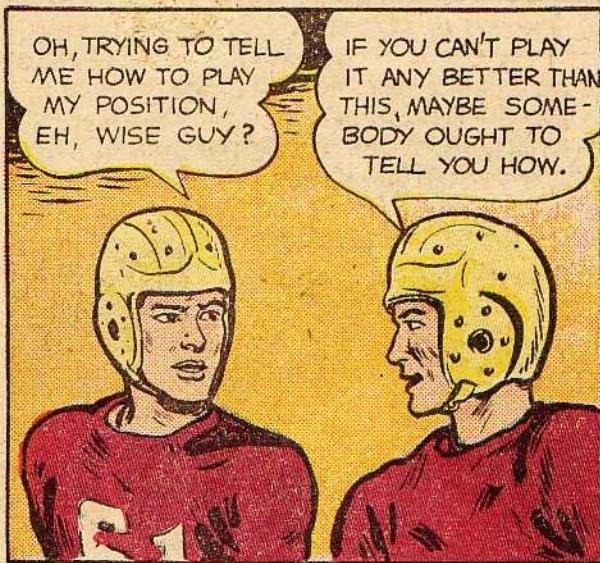






TREASURE CHEST

7



8 TREASURE CHEST

CHUCK IS HIT HARD AND THROWN BACK TO THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE.



CHUCK IS FURIOUS.

CONVENIENT FOR YOU TO FALL DOWN TRIPPED.
THEN, WASN'T IT?

YOU TOOK A DIVE.
YOU WERE AFRAID TO BLOCK.



I SAW YOU FALL DOWN
TO LET THAT MAN
THROUGH.

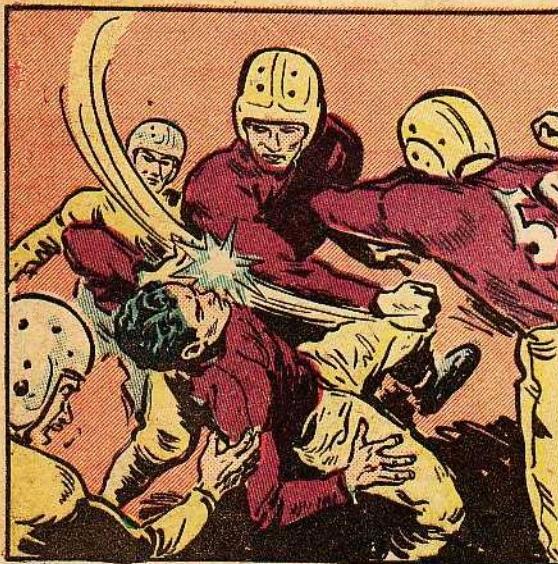
I DIDN'T.
THAT'S NOT
TRUE.



YOU CAN'T CALL
ME A LIAR!

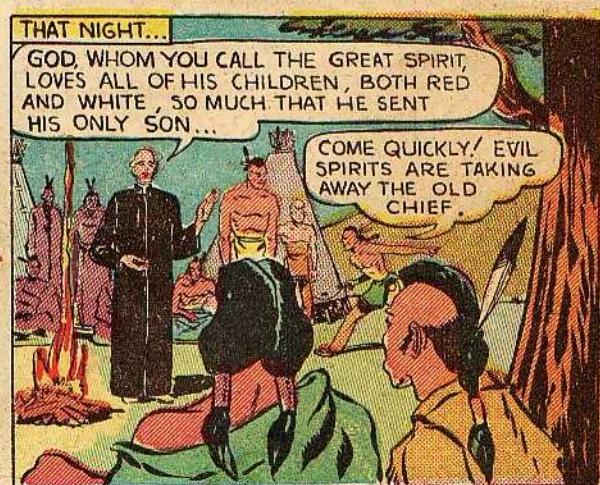
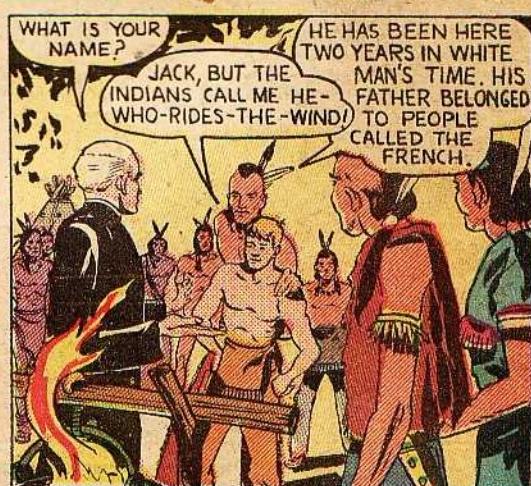
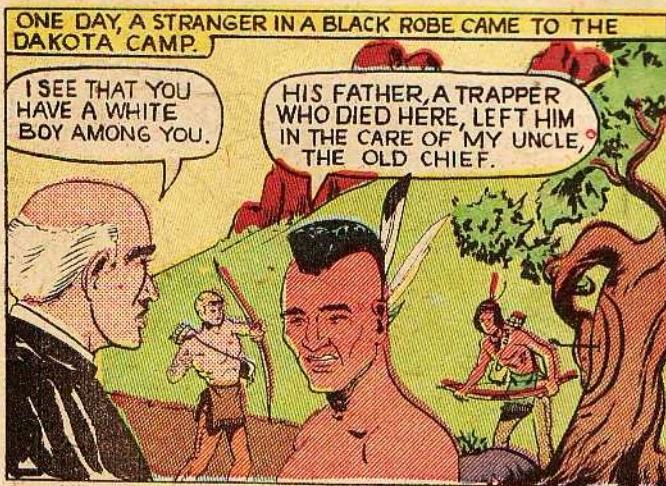


STOP THAT FIGHTING!
WELL, IT'S OUT IN THE OPEN.
NOW I MAY BE ABLE TO GET
TO THE BOTTOM OF IT AND
STRAIGHTEN IT OUT.

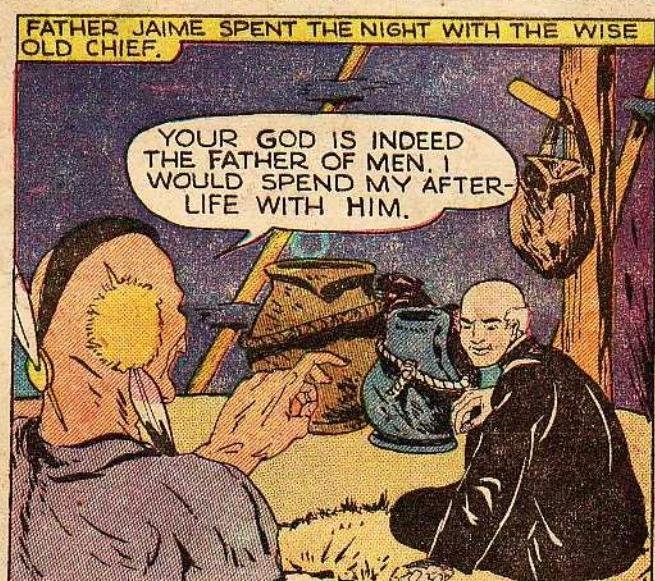
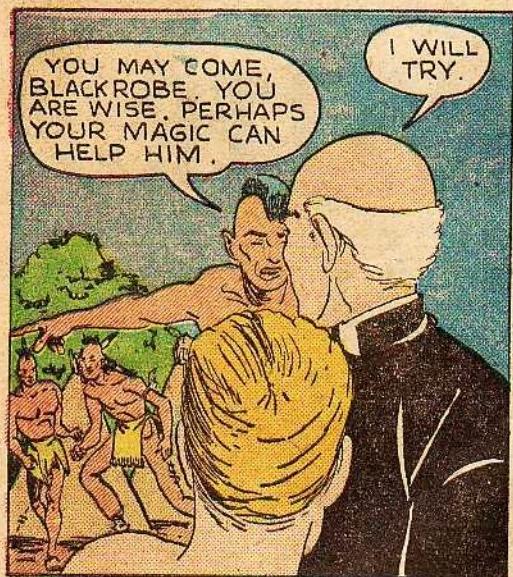


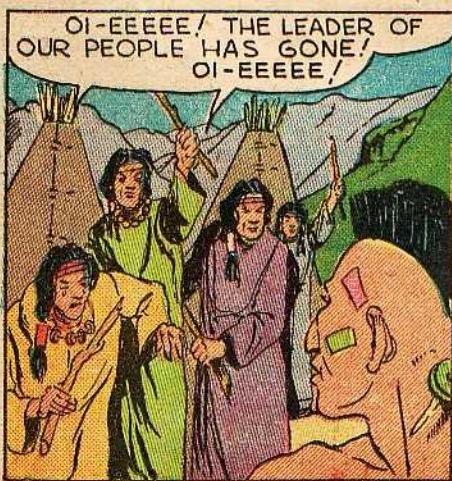
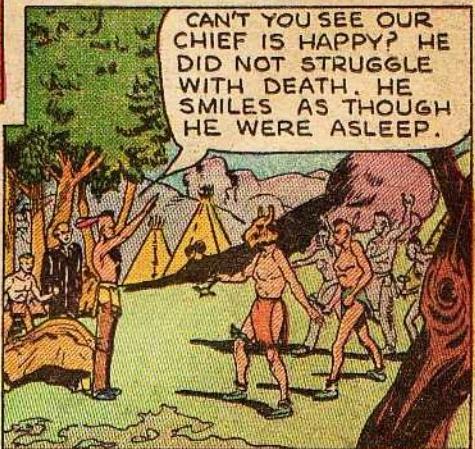
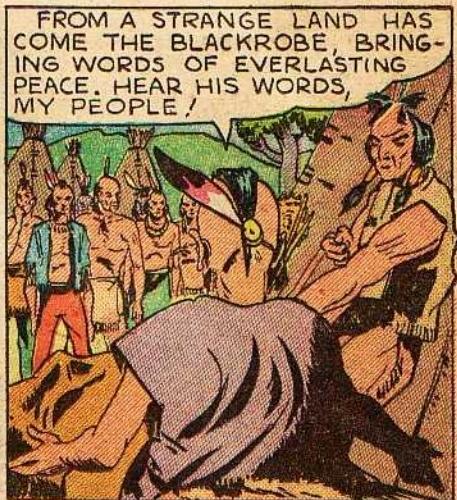
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THE OLD TRAVELER



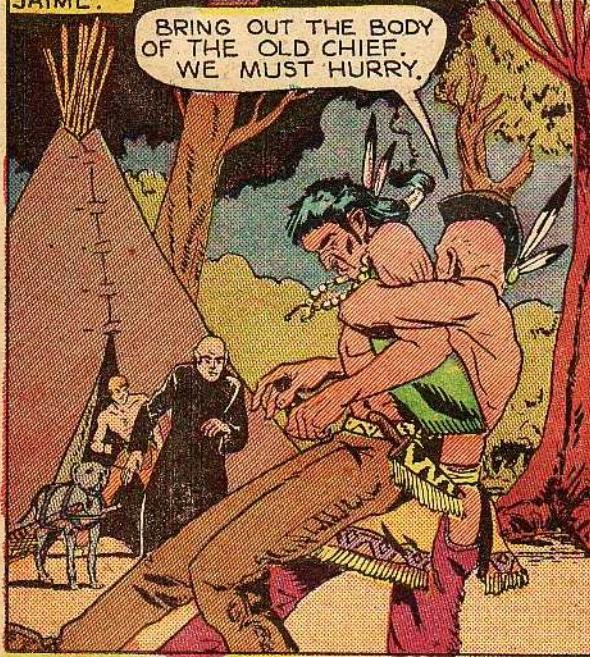
TREASURE CHEST





A GUARD HAD BEEN PLACED TO WATCH FATHER JAIME.

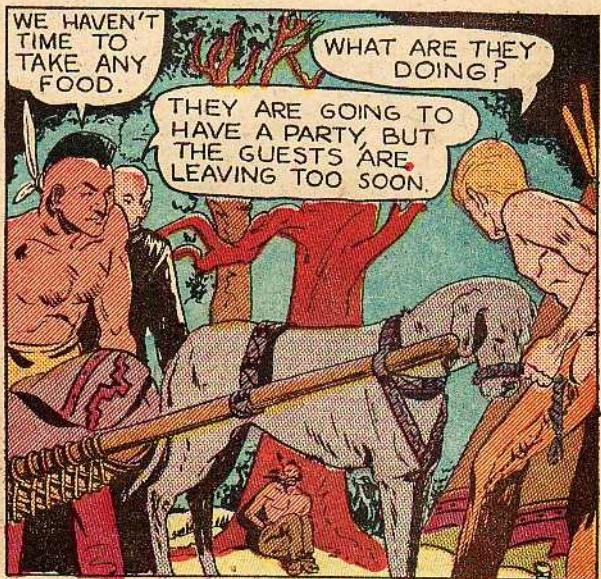
BRING OUT THE BODY OF THE OLD CHIEF. WE MUST HURRY.



WE HAVEN'T TIME TO TAKE ANY FOOD.

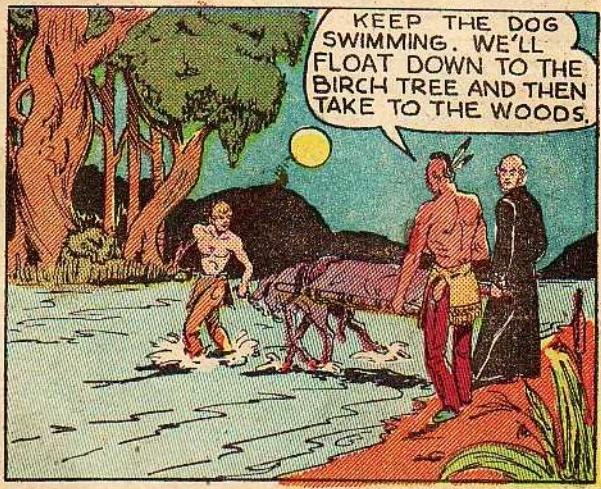
WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE A PARTY, BUT THE GUESTS ARE LEAVING TOO SOON.



DO YOU THINK THEY WILL FOLLOW US?

YES, AS SOON AS THEY FIND THE GUARD,



THE NEXT MORNING ...

MAY HE REST IN PEACE. AMEN.

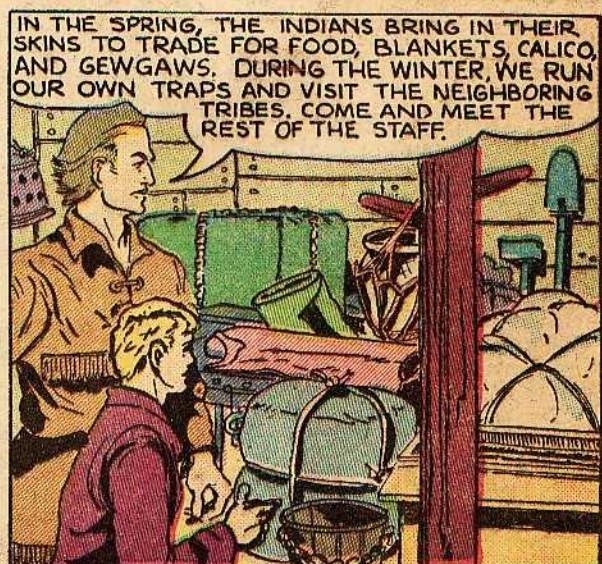
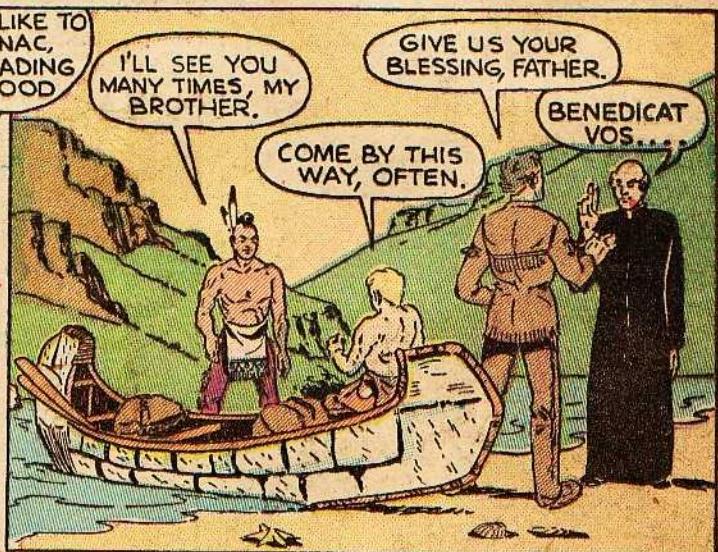
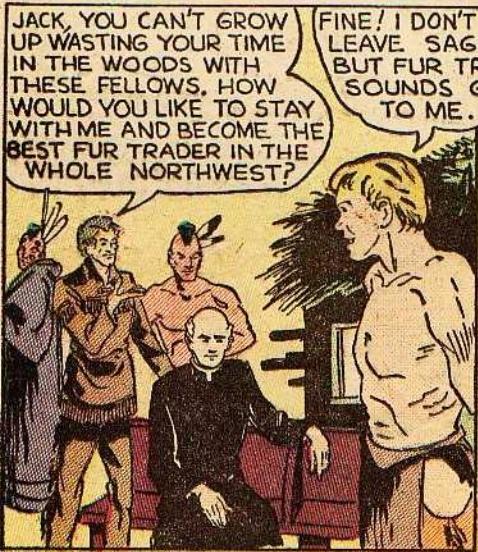
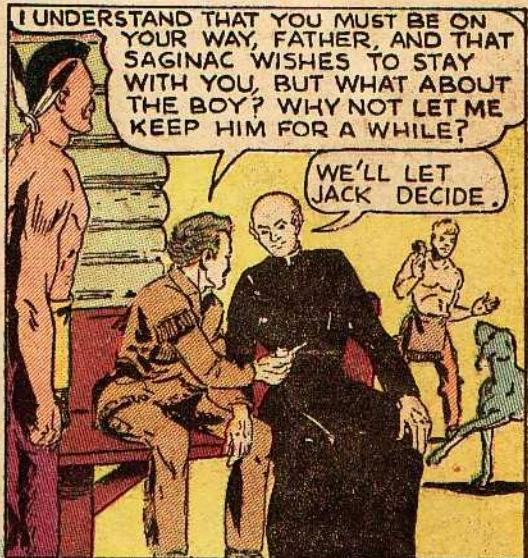
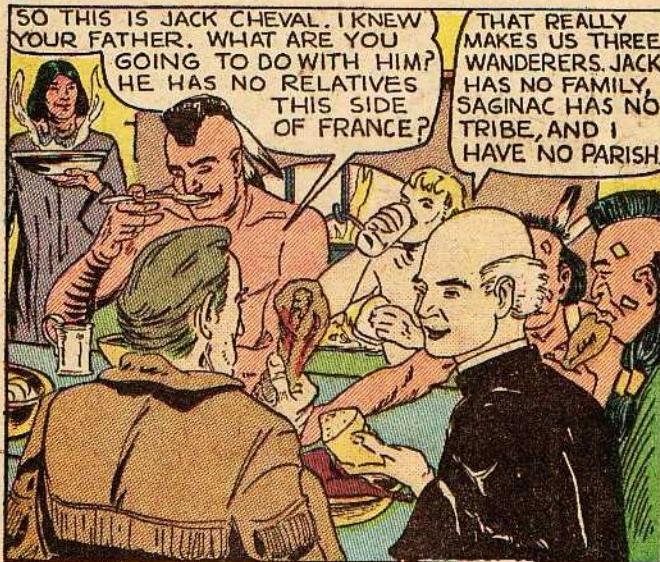


FATHER JAIME! WELCOME! IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE YOU WERE HERE.

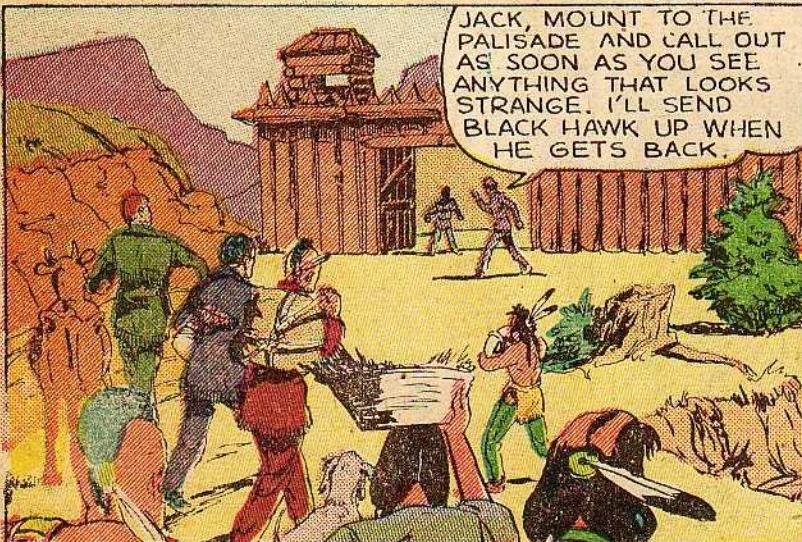
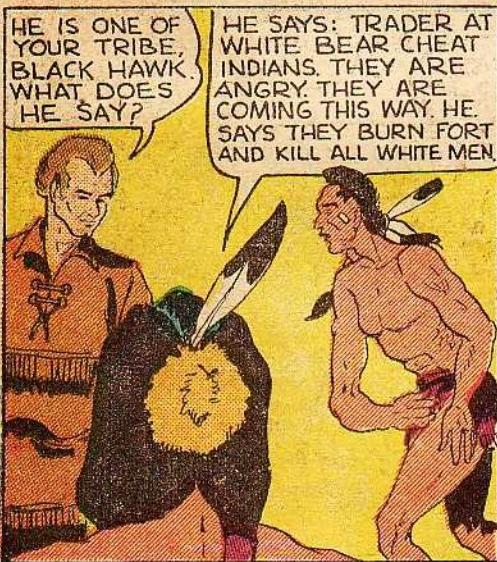
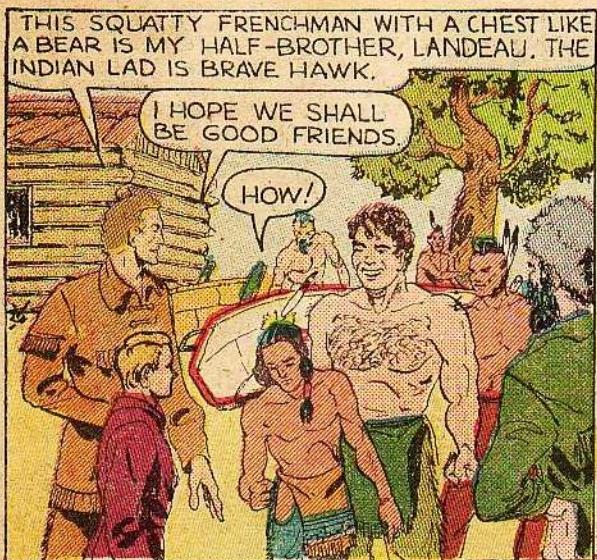
LAKE WHITE DEER, AND THERE'S MY OLD FRIEND, CHARLES LE BEAU.

WHAT PLACE IS THIS?





TREASURE CHEST



For the OVERLAND MAIL

BY RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY



I

YELLOW dust filled the air in front of the little office of Conroy Stages. Number Six for Spruce Canyon by way of Windy Point was pulled up and waiting. Martin Conroy was driving because of a shortage of drivers. Jerry, his son, was at the scales weighing in baggage, which would be stored in the boot of the big Concord.

"This way, gentlemen! This way with your baggage. Thirty pounds free, twenty-five cents per pound for all over that," Jerry sang out.

A fat cattle buyer moved forward. Behind him a Chinese staggered under the weight of a huge trunk. The Chinese set the trunk on the scales. Jerry adjusted the weights.

"One hundred thirty pounds, sir. That will be twenty-five dollars." Jerry was watching the line of passengers back of the cattle buyer. Three miners headed for the diggings, dressed in patched pants and coats, a girl in starchy crinoline. Then he saw Black Bart swagger over to the front of the stage and place a booted foot on the wheel hub. Over the angry muttering of the cattle buyer he

listened.

"Best offer I ever made any man," Black Bart's voice boomed.

Jerry's hands shook as he adjusted the scale for the baggage of the girl in crinoline. Her round blue eyes were dancing and she was smiling at him.

"No extra charge, miss," he said, and then looked up at his father.

Martin Conroy was shaking his head grimly. Jerry could not hear his words but he knew his father's answer was final. Black Bart's voice boomed again.

"Better get ten thousand cash, Conroy. I'll run you out of business in two months and get your outfit for a song."

Martin Conroy looked down at Jerry and smiled. "Load her up!" he shouted.

Jerry heaved the baggage into the boot. Toby Lake helped him heave the heavy trunk in. Toby was a Conroy driver waiting for Number Five. With seven passengers stowed away Jerry climbed up beside his father. The egg-shaped body of the Concord jerked as the steerhide thorough braces took up the slack when the six blacks pulled away.

The Concord swayed and was off in a swirl of yellow dust. Jerry looked back and watched Black Bart walk across the street to his store and stage office. Bart Mason owned and operated the rival Diamond Stages. He had a reputation for getting what he wanted even if he had to destroy it first. He wanted the Conroy stages and teams. They would give him a monopoly on the run to Spruce Canyon, and later he'd get the mail contract when it was awarded.

"Mason is still hankering to own Conroy stages," Jerry's father said as he swung the six blacks into a sharp curve.

"You said no?" the boy asked.

"I wouldn't sell out to Mason," his father answered grimly. "That man is crooked."

"He can't beat us," Jerry said. He was proud of the six new Concords and the herd of black coach horses his father had gathered together to start his stage line. The Concords had come all the way from New Hampshire. They were the finest vehicles in the west. Their decking was trim, their panels of clear poplar. They were heavy, weighing twenty-five hundred pounds each. Inside they were

roomy and finely upholstered, able to carry nine persons in comfort. No wonder Bart Mason wanted them.

"If we get by without trouble until the mail award comes up we'll be on easy street," his father answered. "My horseflesh is better than Mason's and so are my coaches. We'll win out in the test run."

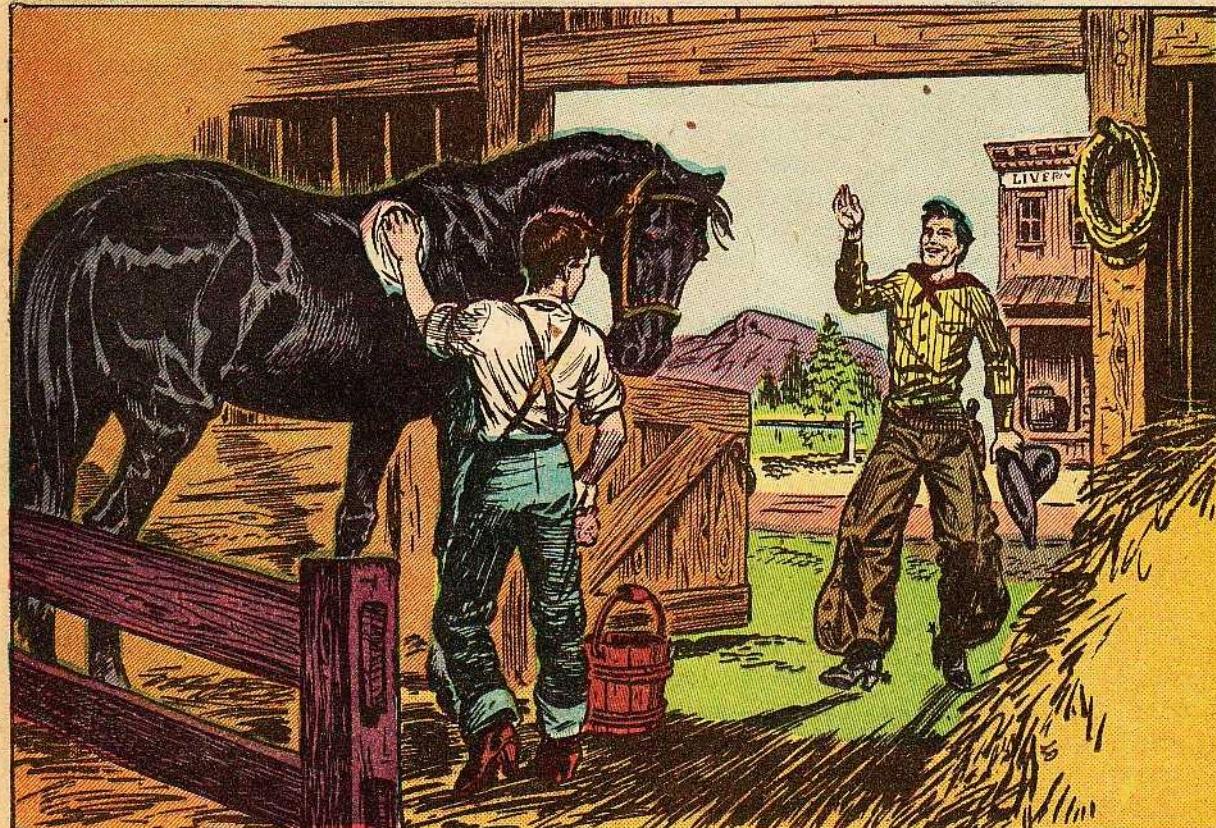
"You think he may make trouble?" Jerry asked.

"He will. He's already forced me to drive one of my own stages. Tom quit today to work for him. He'll try to hire Toby and Tex and Shorty."

"They won't quit; they're stage drivers and they're proud of our line," Jerry said.

"We'll just have to keep an eye on him." The blacks swept up a hill and headed down into a wooded valley. Towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains frowned upon them. A stream boiled and foamed over its bed of boulders. The air was filled with the healing perfume of spruce and pine.

Just before dusk that evening Number Six pulled in at the Spruce Canyon tavern. Jerry helped unload and later he rubbed down two



of the horses. Before he had finished, Toby Lake rolled in with Number Five. He came through the barn door, his bowed legs springing his chaps apart. Toby was a cowboy and he liked his chaps well decorated. They were trimmed with diamond-shaped pearl buttons.

"Hi, Jerry," he called. "Have a nice trip?"

"Fine," Jerry answered with a grin. He liked Toby, although folks said he was a gun hand and had been forced to leave Texas. But he certainly could handle six horses. Miners gladly entrusted their gold dust to him because he always carried two guns and knew how to use them.

Toby stood watching the groom take care of his horses. Jerry stood beside him. Toby squinted at one of the blacks.

"Favors his right hind foot, Mel. Better have a look at it." Then he turned to Jerry. "I hear Tex is to bring through a heavy shipment of dust tomorrow."

Jerry started. No one but his father and him was supposed to know about that shipment. Handling dust was dangerous, but

handling dust and passengers was doubly dangerous. In a holdup passengers were considered above dust. Rather than endanger the lives of passengers, a driver would throw down the box of gold. The Conroys were always tight-mouthed about shipments.

"How did you know about it?" he asked.

Toby laughed. "I got ears, hombre."

They walked together toward the inn. Jerry wanted to ask some questions, but he didn't know how to get started.

"You ridin' with Tex tomorrow?" Toby asked.

"I guess so," Jerry answered before he thought.

"You better wait and ride with me on Number Five," Toby said. "I should have had that dust shipment."

"Nothing will happen. We take dust through all the time," Jerry said, but he had a prickly feeling along his spine.

"Always a first time," Toby said, as he walked up the steps to the tavern.

(To be continued)

Chuck's Corner

The first thing I want to tell you is that the editor of this magazine is an old crab. When I told him that I thought I should have some space to talk direct to you he almost went through the ceiling. "Why," he moaned, "you've got six pages of it already! We're running a magazine, not a 'Chuck White for President' Club!"

Well, as I say, he's a sour old grouch, but I didn't give up. I reminded him about how many letters we'd gotten on whether I should stay at St. John's or go to Hollywood and about how many people wanted to know whether there really *was* a Chuck White. That got him. "White," he said in a tone that meant he was going to claim the idea as his own, "maybe you've got something there. We've got to tell them the truth about that."

So that's how I got this corner of the page. I can say anything I like and he's agreed not to interfere. Of course, if he needs the space he'll throw me out from time to time.

But to get back to the question, "Is there really a Chuck White?" So many of you were kind enough to write in, that I think you deserve an answer — and the answer is, yes.

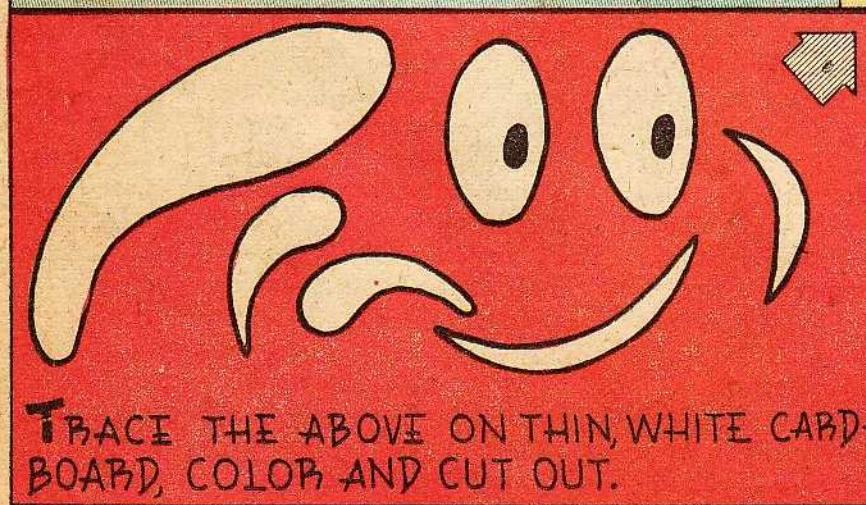
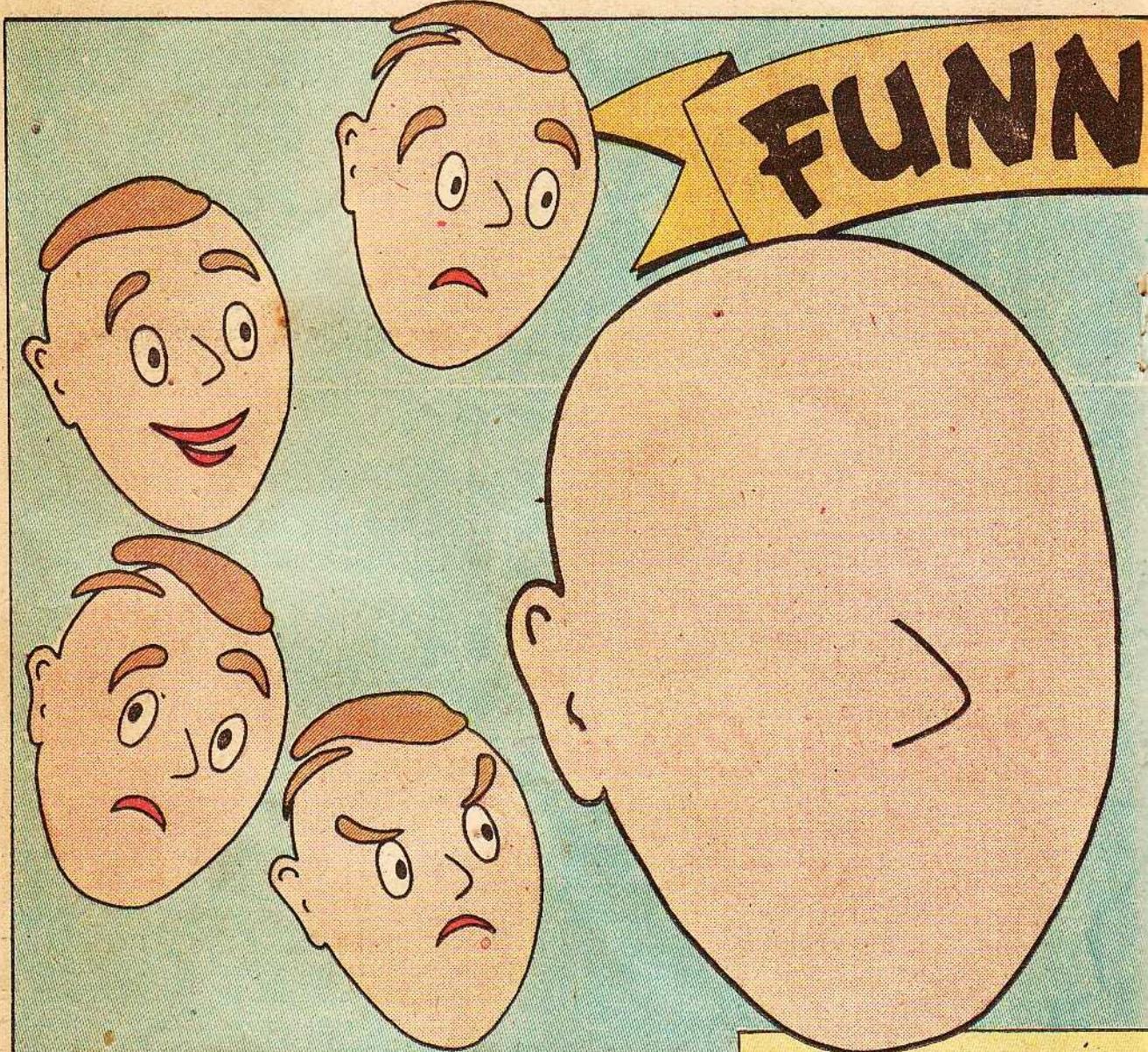
Of course there's a Chuck White — not just one, either. You are Chuck White.

Silly? Well, wait a moment before you decide definitely. After all, what have I got that you haven't? Sure I can play football and baseball, but you have your own special talents that you can use better than I. Sure, I help to win games, but winning games isn't my life story any more than it is yours. Scoreboards don't make true heroes.

No, the important thing that makes you and me alike — the thing that makes you the same as me is the fight that both of us have to wage every day of our lives. It is the fight to do what is right and to avoid what is wrong. This fight is the same for both of us; it's just that we're on different parts of the battlefield. Because I'm Chuck White doesn't make me a bit more able to fight than you are.

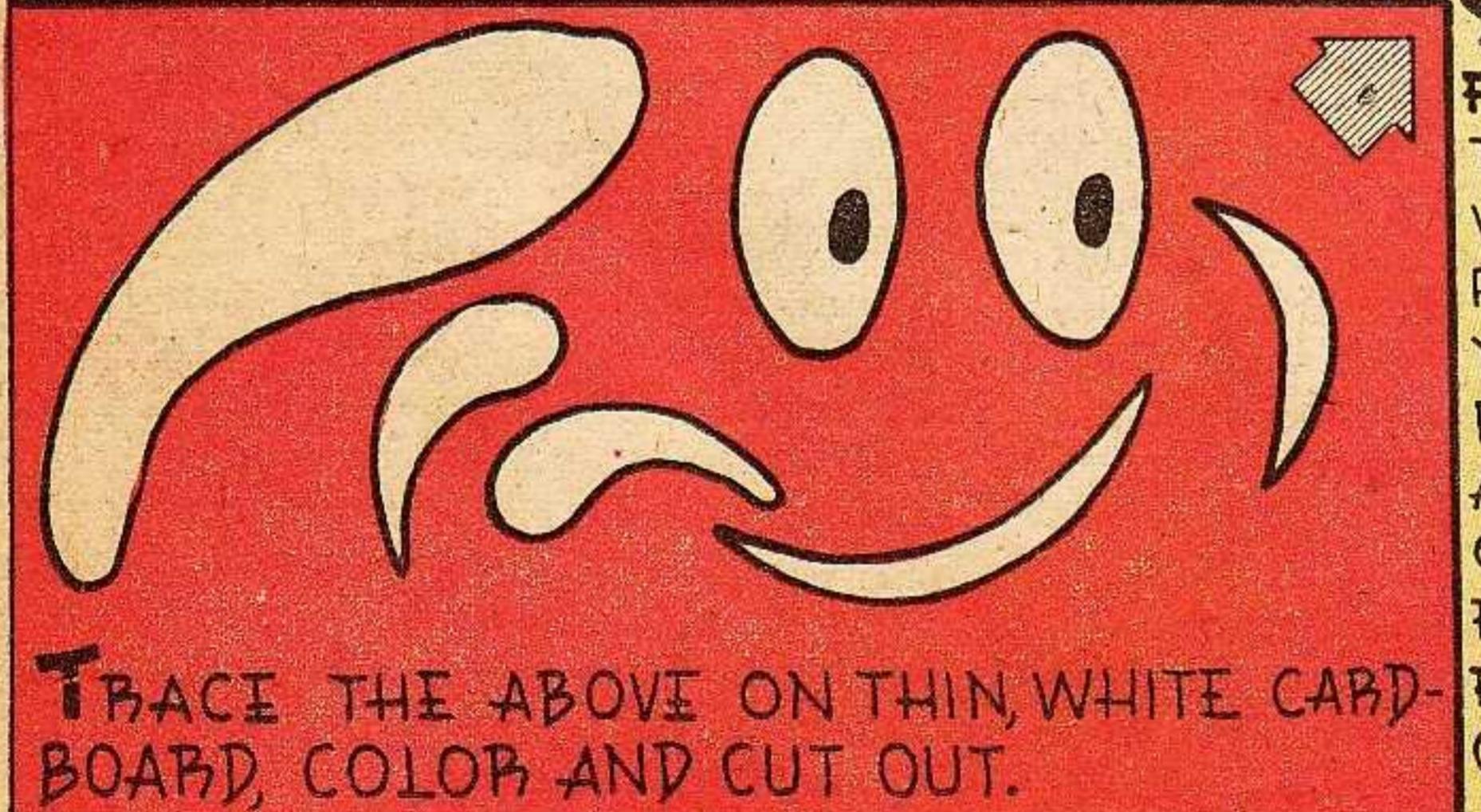
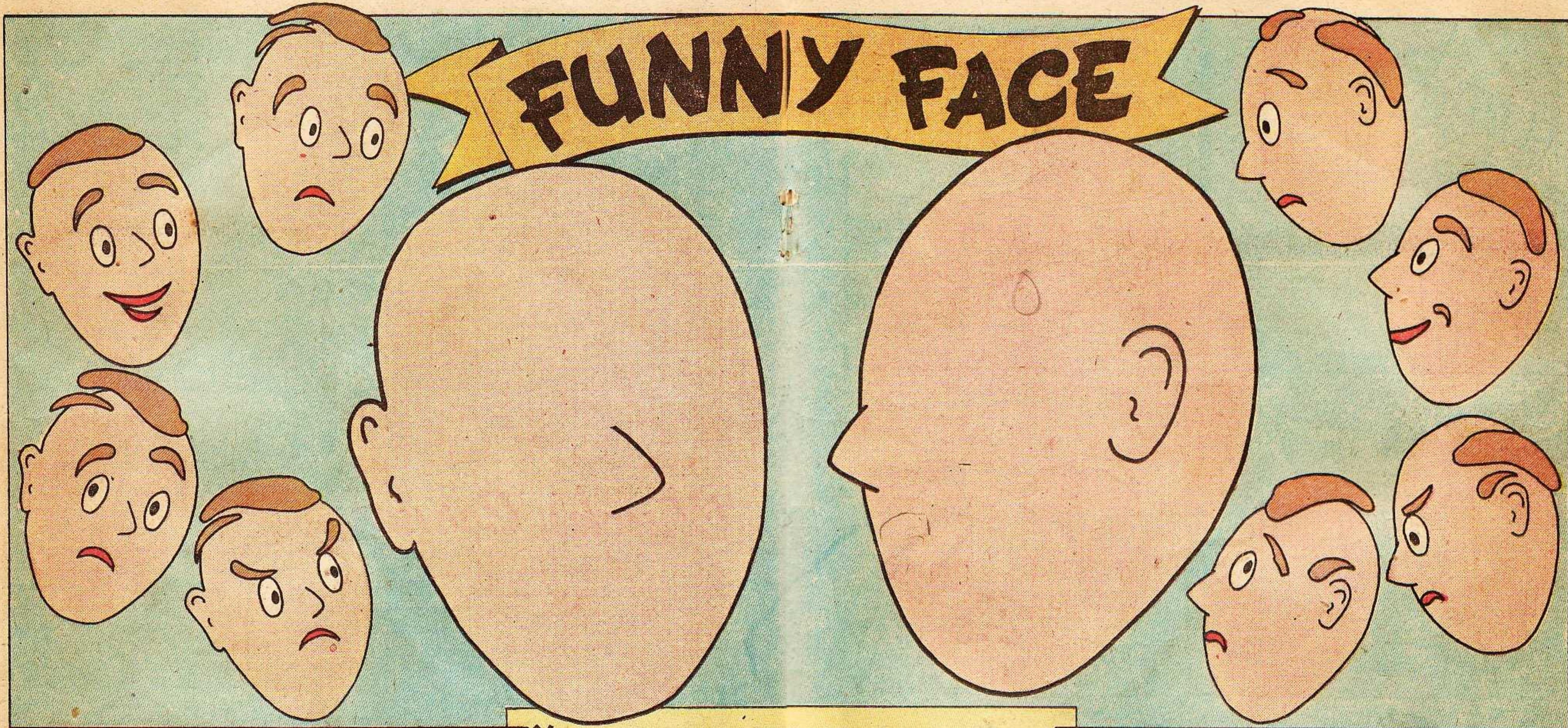
That's why I say that in reading about me, you are reading about yourself. You can do everything I can do, when it comes to the really important things — and I've got a hunch you can do them better. So long now, you'll be hearing from me again.

Chuck

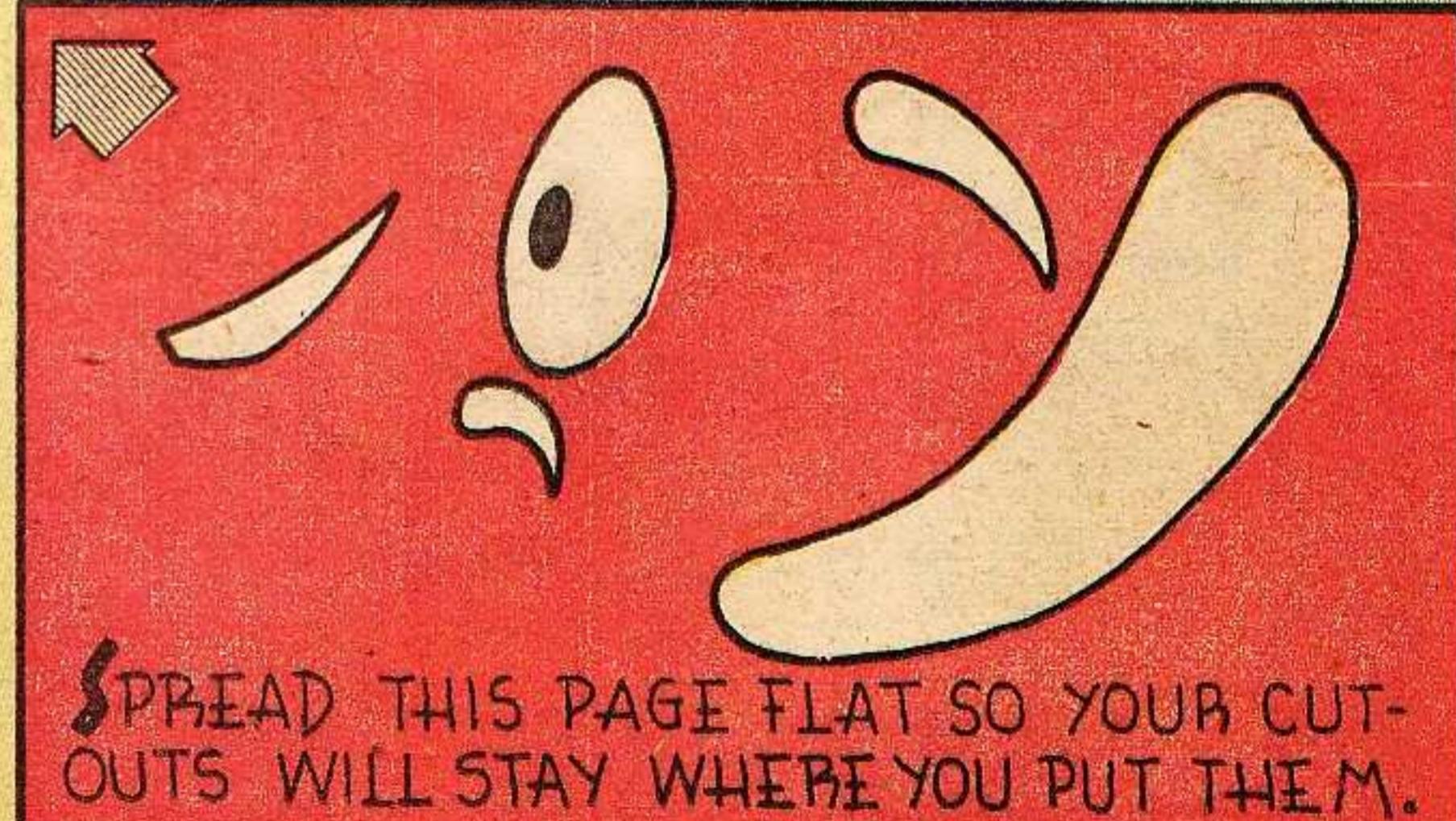


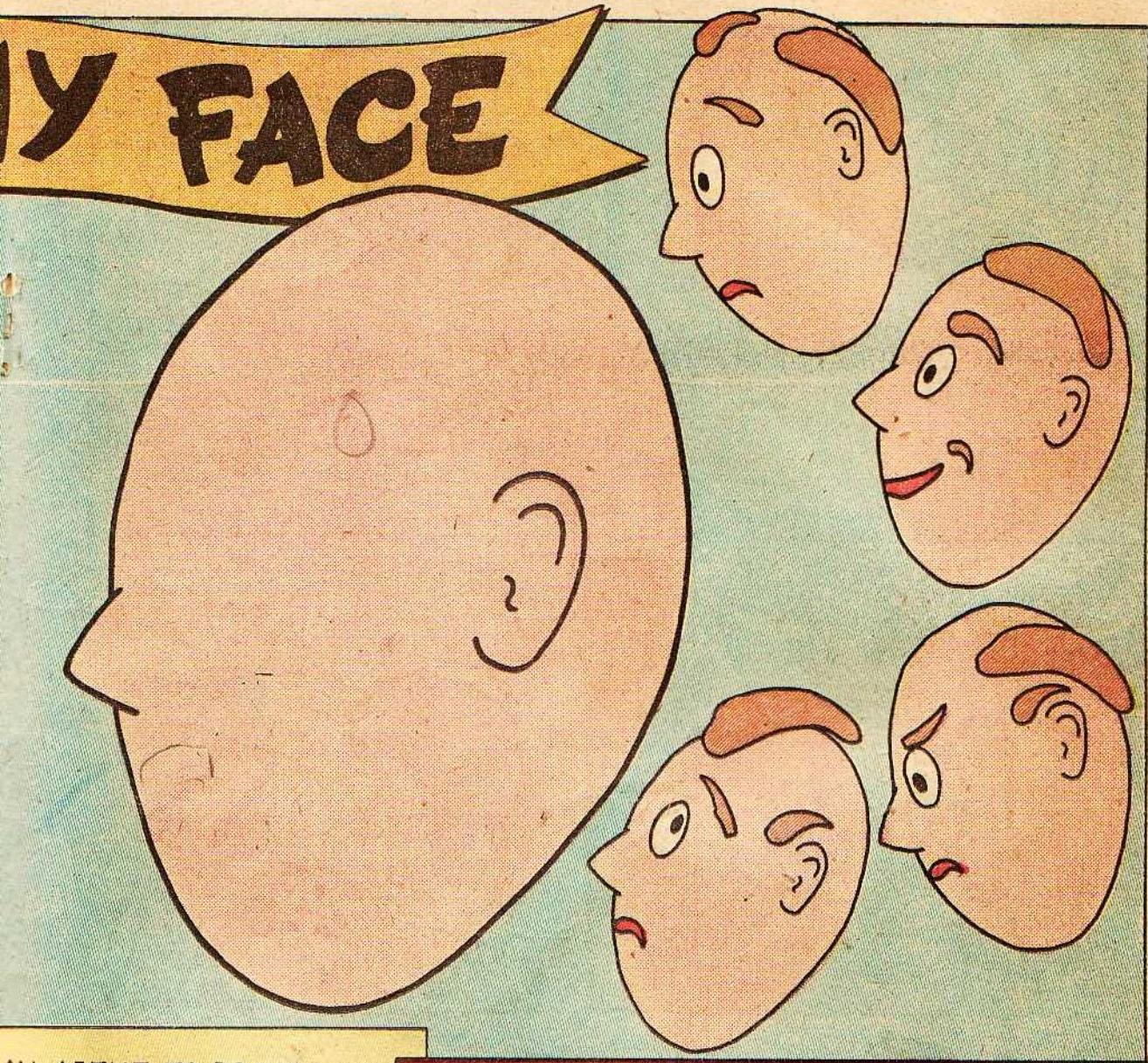
TRACE THE ABOVE ON THIN, WHITE CARD-
BOARD, COLOR AND CUT OUT.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A
FUNNY FACE. ALL YOU NEED
THE EYES, MOUTH, AND HAIR
ON WHITE CARDBOARD AND
PAINT. CUT OUT CAREFULLY.
YOU ARE READY TO STAP
PLACE YOUR CUTOUTS ON
AND MOVE THEM AROUND
ON THIS PAGE -- THEN
FACES YOU CAN MAKE
FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND
ONE THAT MAKES THE FUNNIEST.

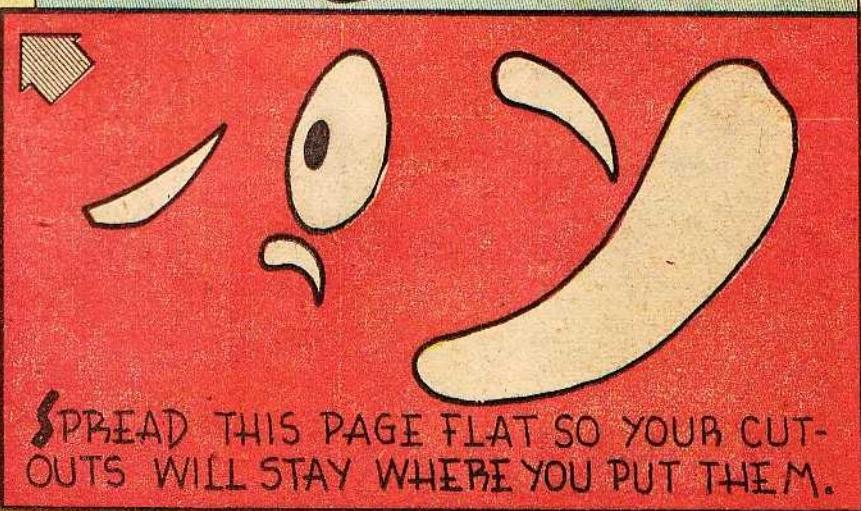


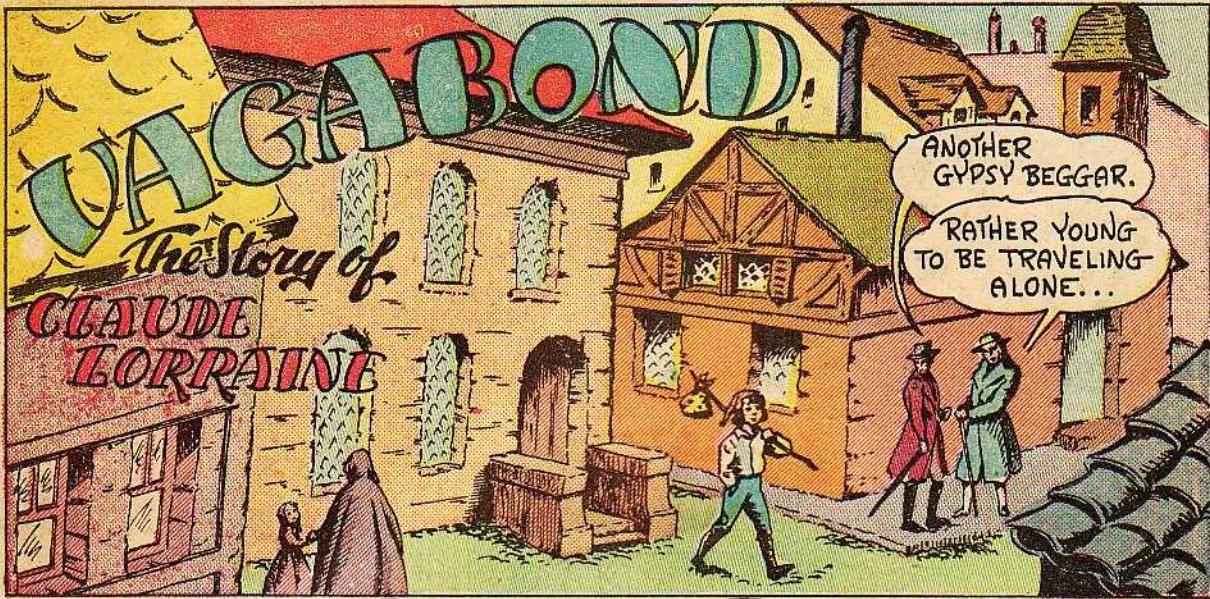
YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST TO DRAW A FUNNY FACE. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TO TRACE THE EYES, MOUTH, AND OTHER PARTS ON THIN, WHITE CARDBOARD AND COLOR WITH CRAYON OR PAINT. CUT OUT CAREFULLY WITH SCISSORS AND YOU ARE READY TO START MAKING FUNNY FACES. PLACE YOUR CUTOUTS ON THE BLANK FACES AND MOVE THEM AROUND TO COPY THE FACES ON THIS PAGE -- THEN SEE HOW MANY NEW FACES YOU CAN MAKE. ARRANGE A CONTEST FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND OFFER A PRIZE TO THE ONE THAT MAKES THE FUNNIEST NEW FACE!



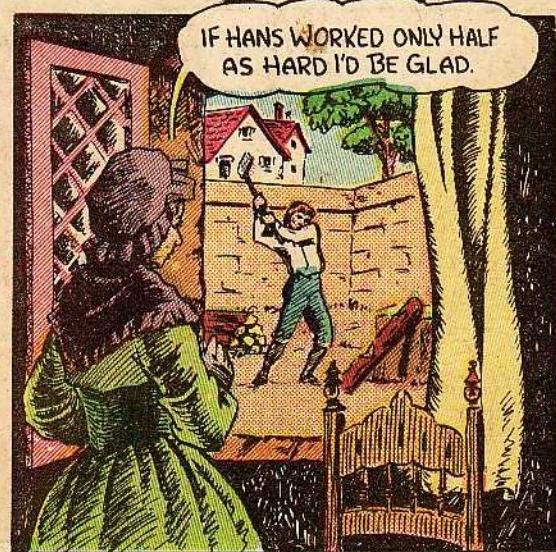


AN ARTIST TO DRAW A
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ON THE BLANK FACES
ND TO COPY THE FACES
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D OFFER A PRIZE TO THE
UNNIEST NEW FACE!

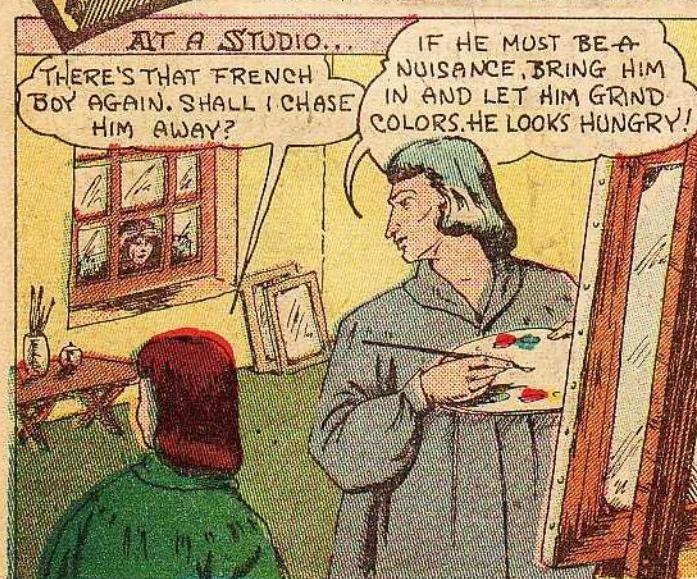
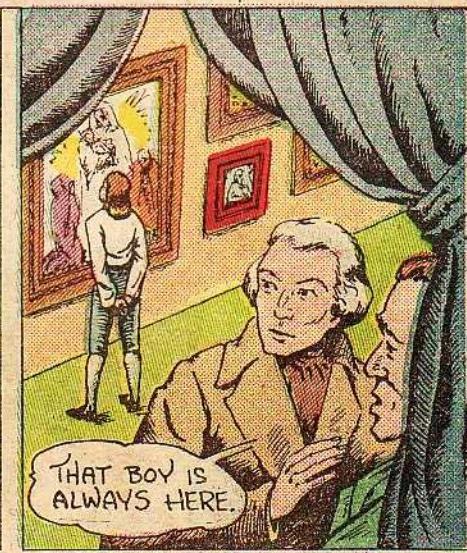


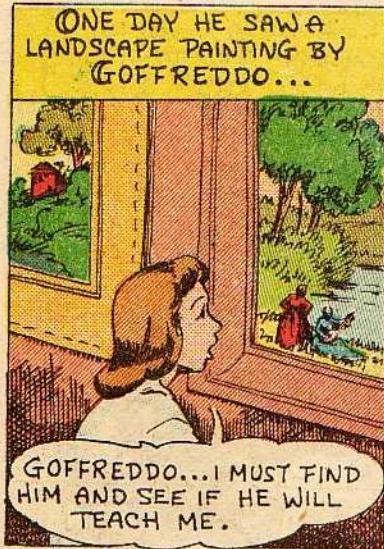


MY NAME IS CLAUDE - CLAUDE GELEE,
AND I AM GOING TO FREIBURG TO LIVE
WITH MY UNCLE PIERRE. RIGHT NOW
I NEED A PLACE TO SLEEP.

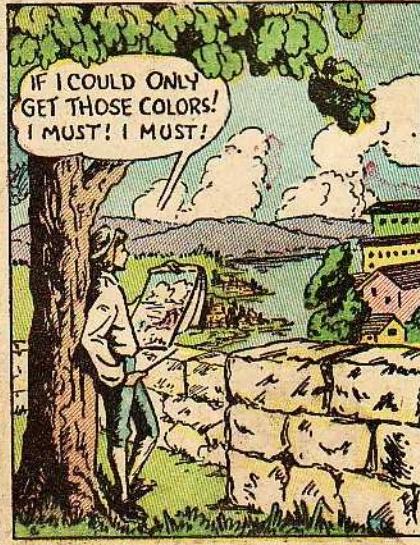


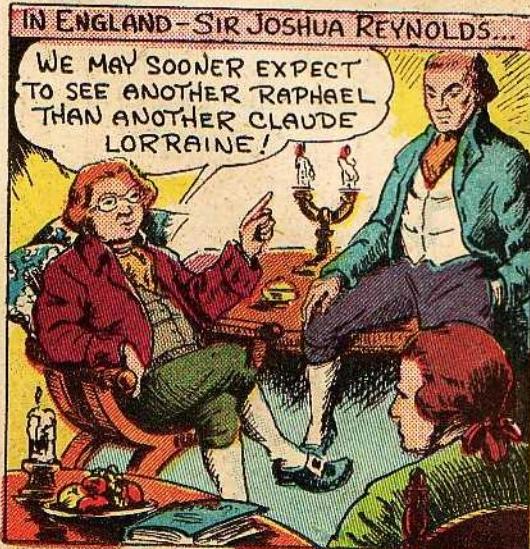


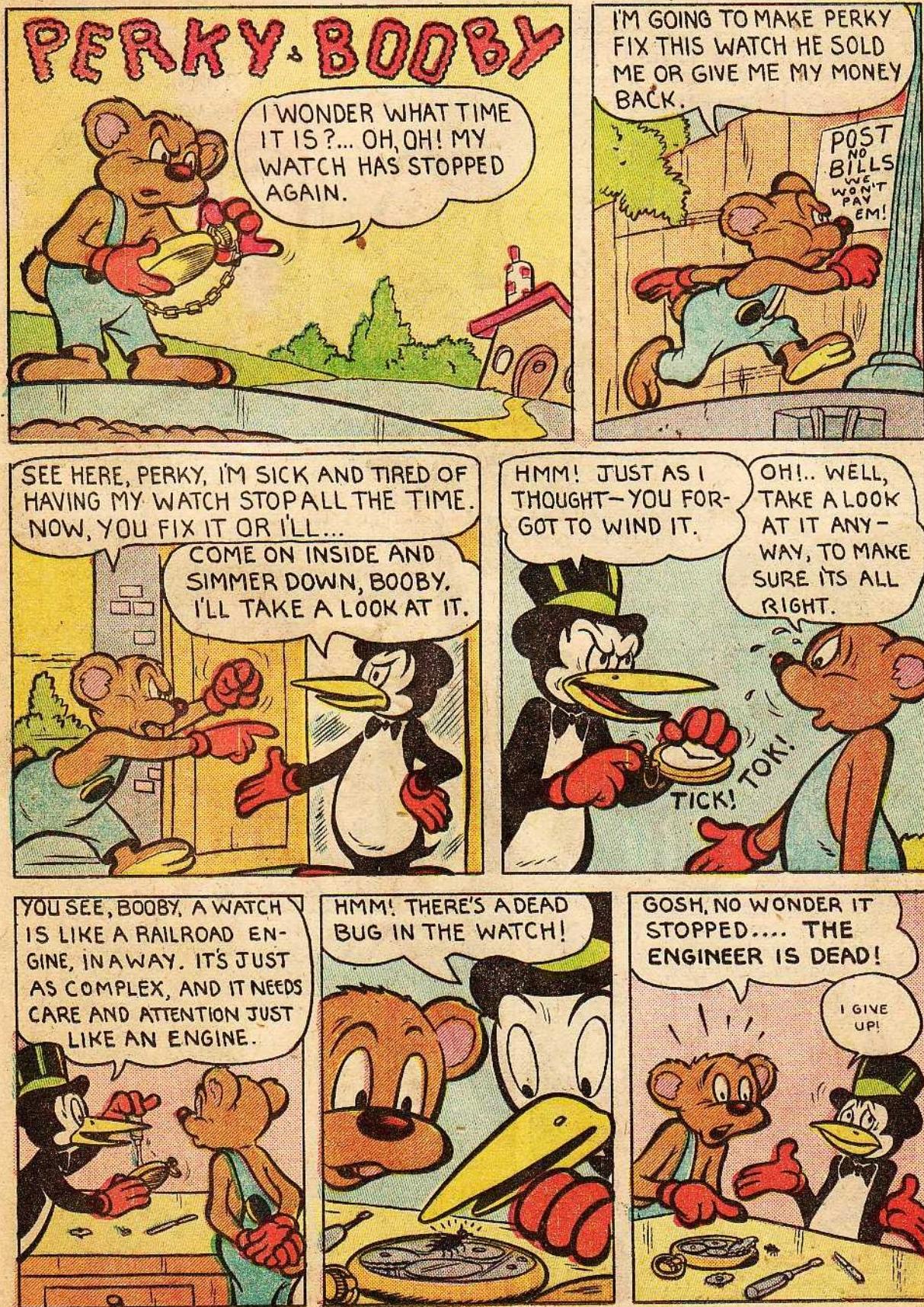


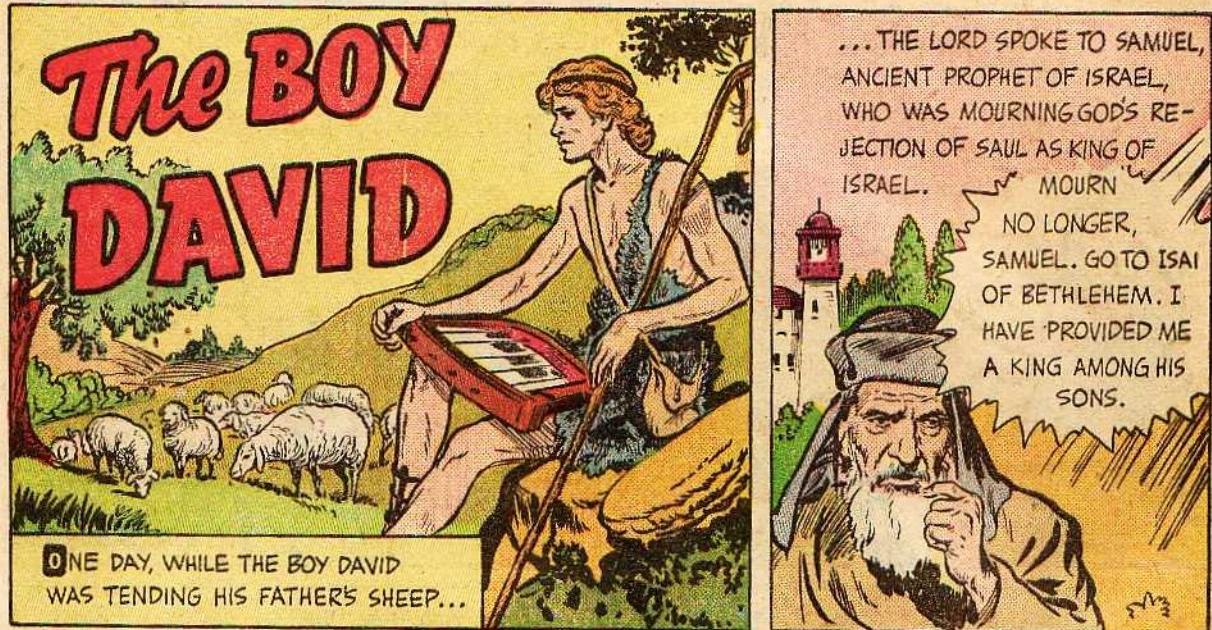


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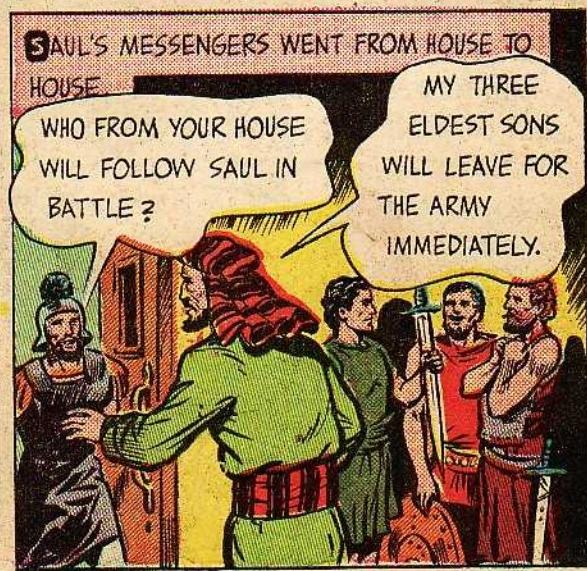
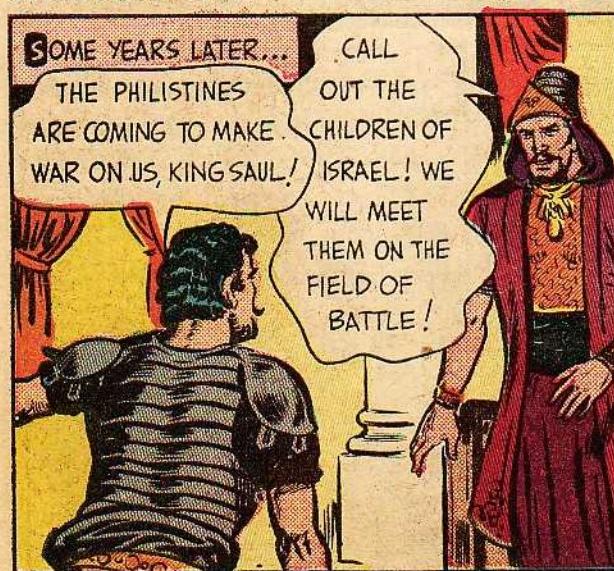
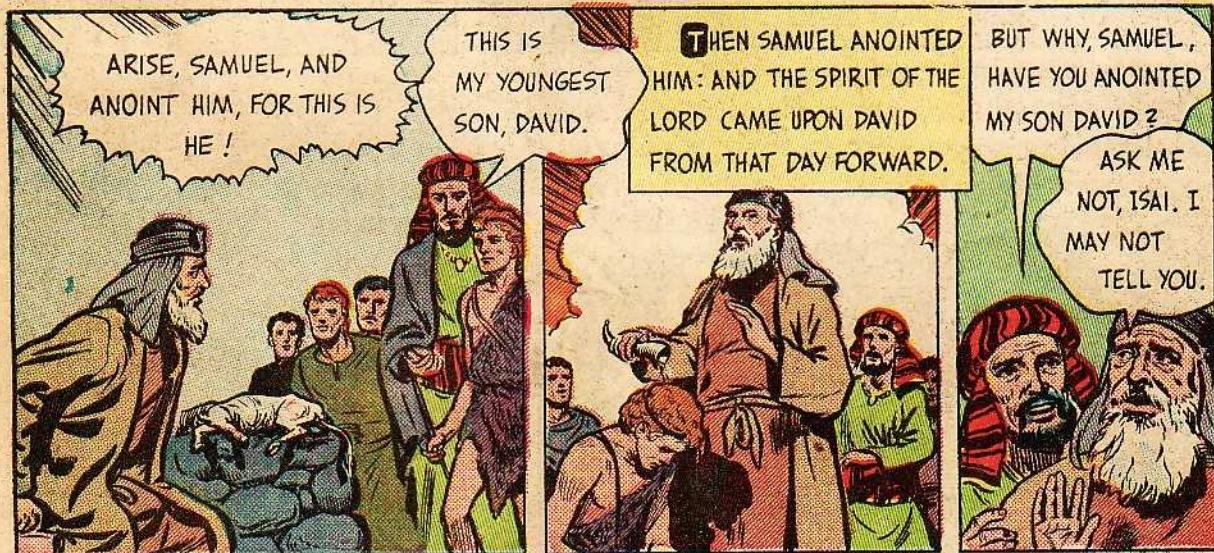
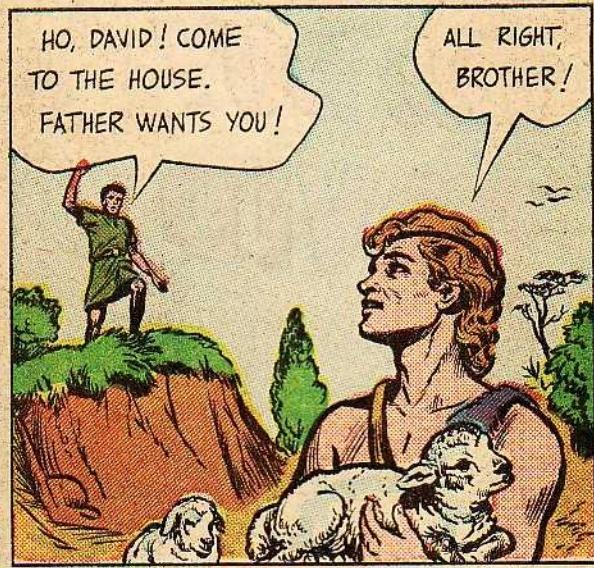
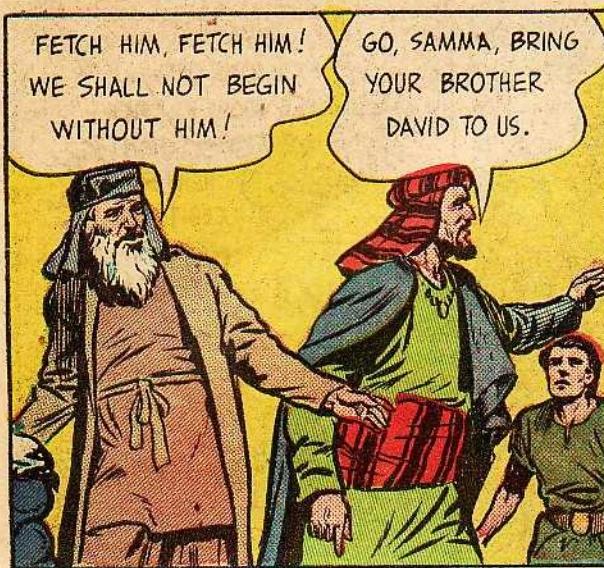


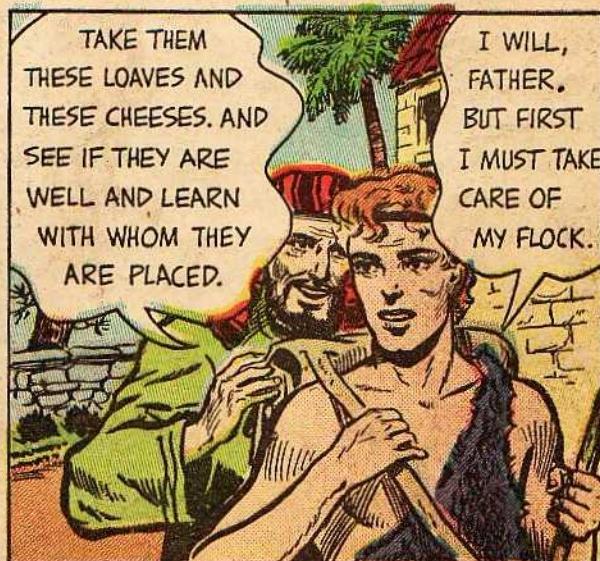
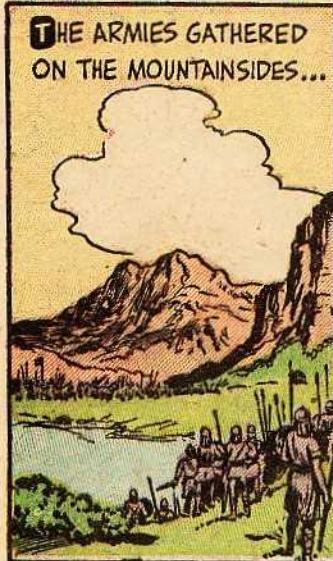


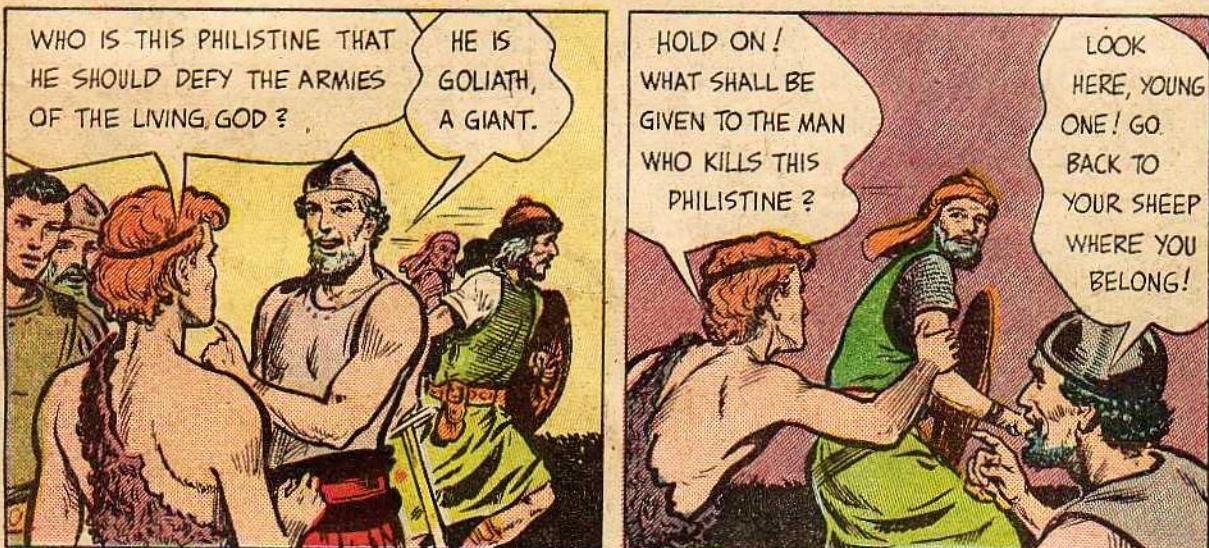


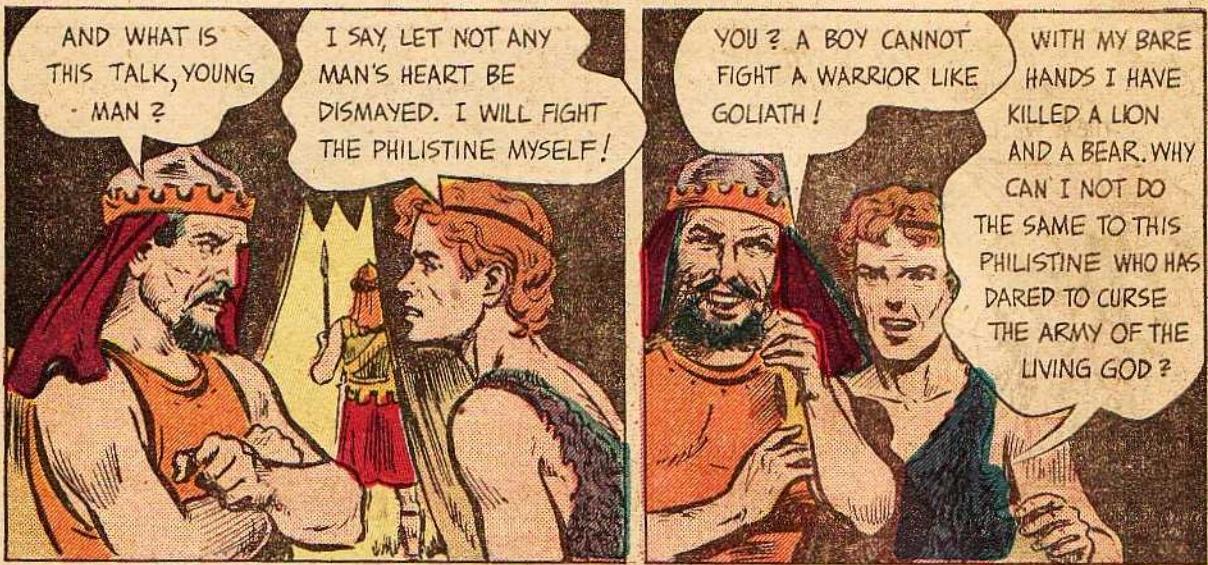


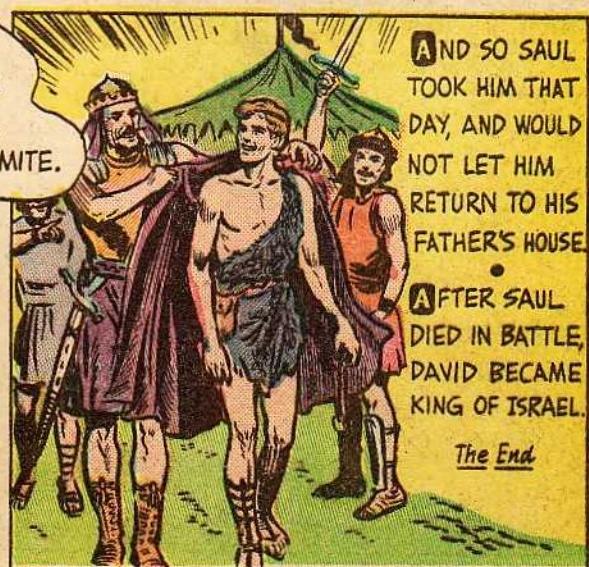
TREASURE CHEST





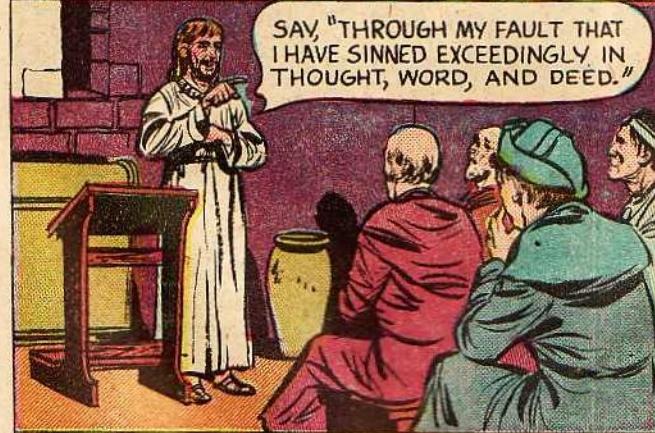




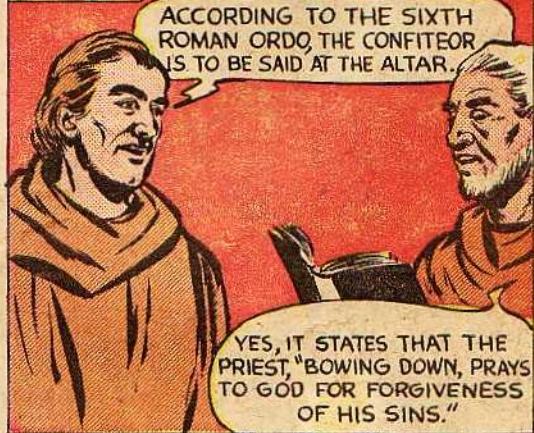




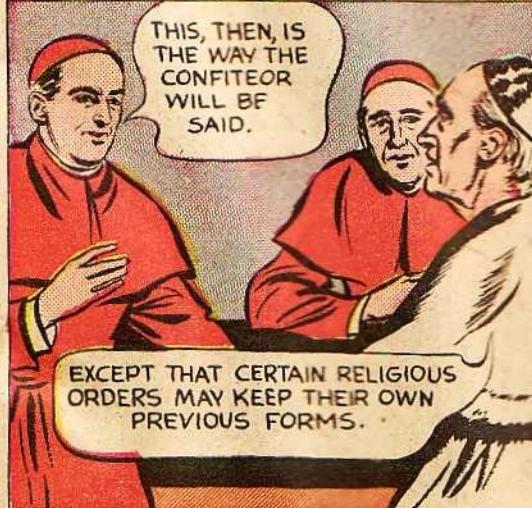
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UNTIL THE 11TH CENTURY THE CONFITEOR WAS A PRIVATE PRAYER SAID BEFORE MASS. THEN...

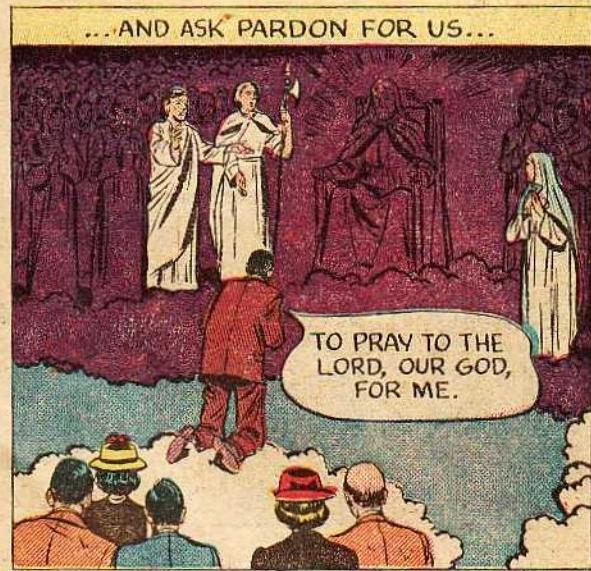
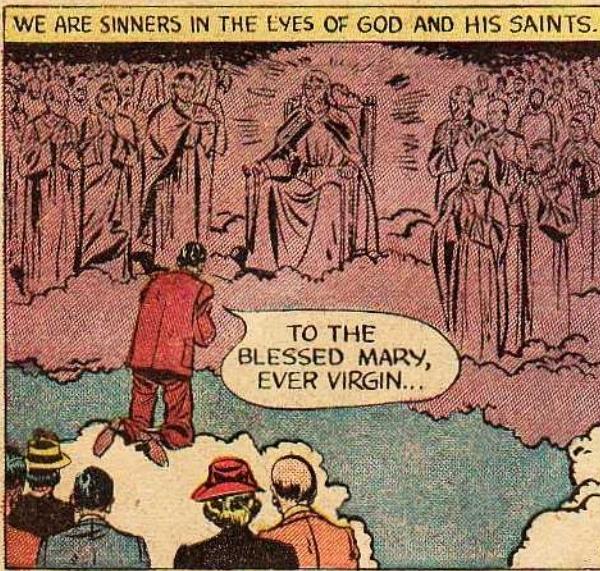


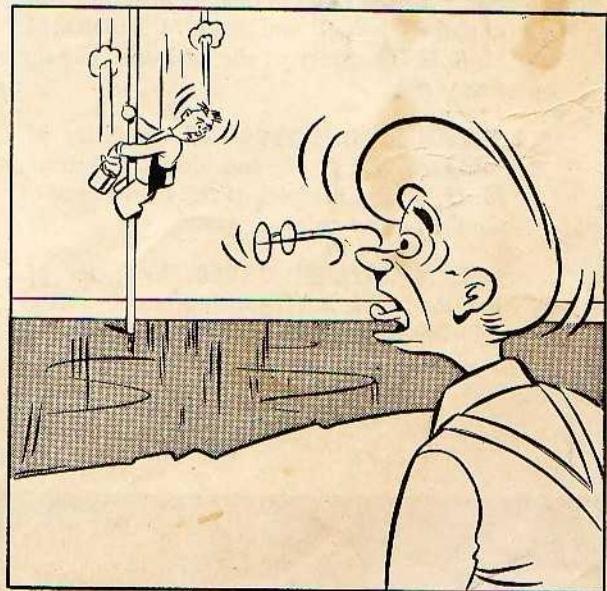
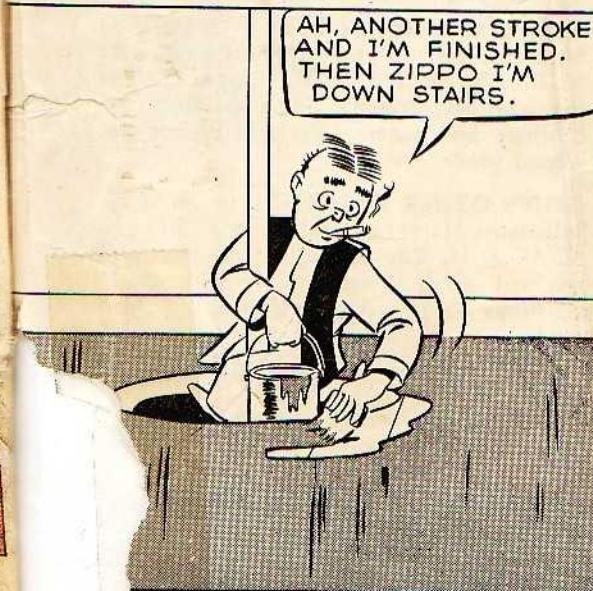
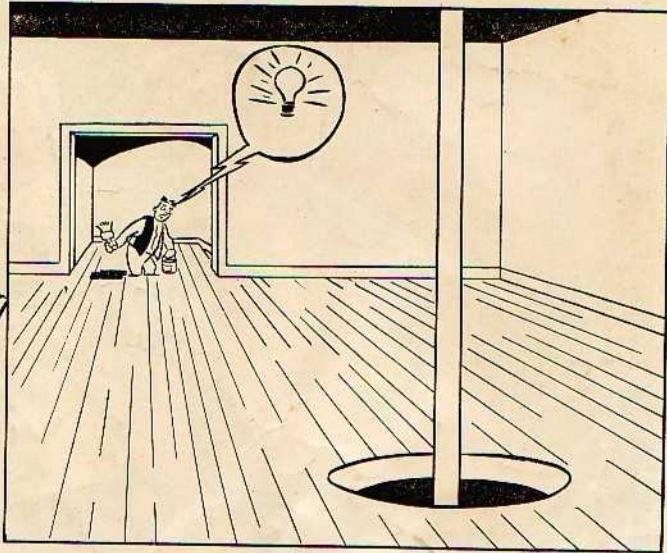
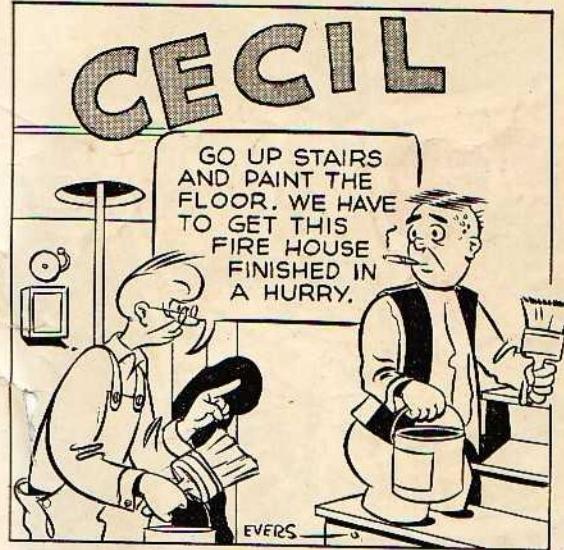
VARIOUS WORDINGS WERE USED UNTIL THE 16TH CENTURY WHEN POPE PIUS V GAVE IT ITS PRESENT FORM.

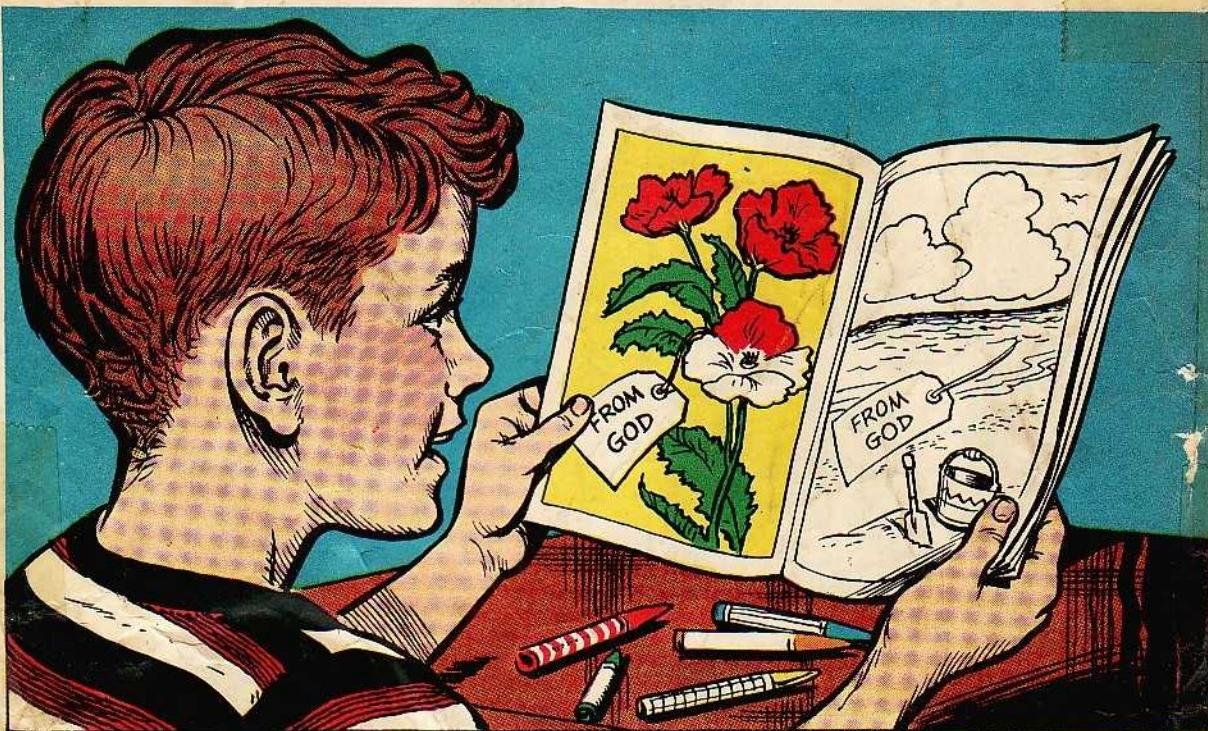


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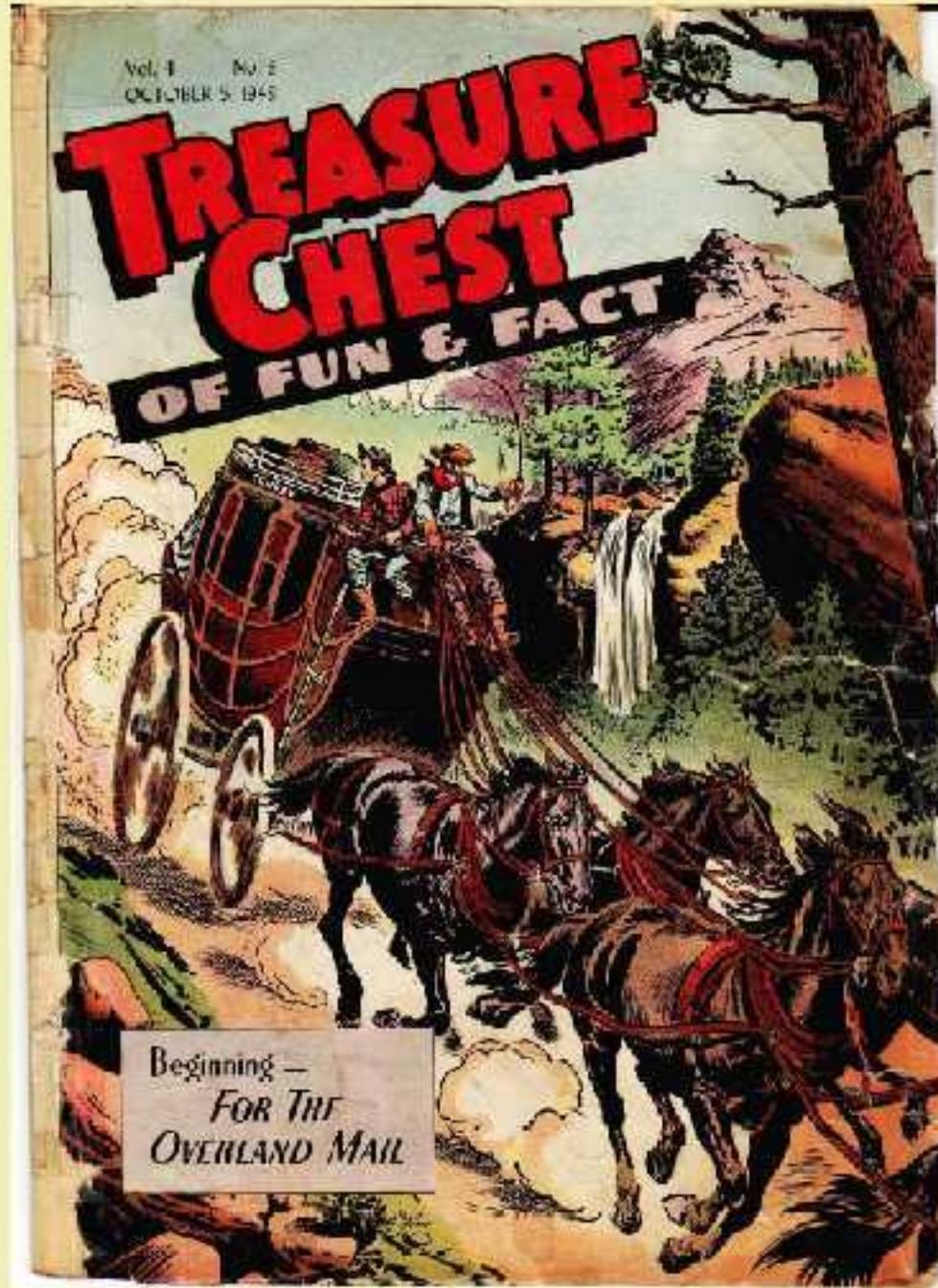
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